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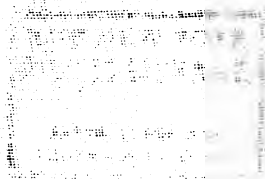
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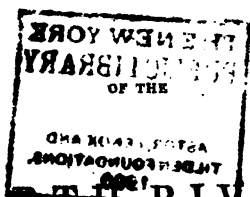
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NORTH RIVER.

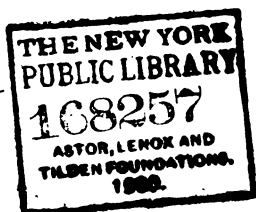
"The River nobly foams and flows,
The charm of this enchanted ground;
And all its thousand turns disclose
Some fresher beauty varying round.
The haughtiest breast, its wish might bound
Through life to dwell delighted here;
Nor could a spot on earth be found
To nature and to me so dear."

BYRON.

NEW YORK:

WM. H. COLYER, 104 BEEKMAN-STREET.

1888



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P R E F A C E.

IN our voyages upon the North River, we have observed the solicitude evinced by travellers, to gain information concerning it, and have regretted they were enabled to glean so little. The guide books in general use, deal more in dull statistics and commonplace matters of fact, and less in that kind of information best calculated to instruct and amuse, and still less in those storied reminiscences that so often throw a charm around natural scenery. It is not to be expected, however intelligent, or disposed to oblige, that the officers in command of Steamboats have it in their power, without interfering with their customary duties, to answer a tithe of the questions that travellers would wish to put to them on these subjects, and the consequence is, that many go and return unsatisfied. To obviate these difficulties, has been the object of this little work ; how far it may answer the purpose intended, is for the travelling public to decide.

New York, 1838.

THE NORTH RIVER.

AMONG the many noble streams that flow through our widely extended country, there are none more celebrated for rich and varied scenery, than the North or Hudson River, the affluence of its waters, the picturesque, the wild, the savage features of its shores, its dark forests, and beetling cliffs and green meadows, the hundred towns upon its banks, the thousand sails upon its bosom, and the historic associations that twine around its localities, render a voyage upon it one of absorbing interest.

On the third of September, 1609, Hendrick Hudson, in his "Jacht the Halve Mane," (a small vessel of not more than sixty or seventy tons burthen,) sent under his command by the Dutch East India Company, to seek for a northwest passage to India, entered the southern waters of New York. On the morrow he brought his vessel to anchor in the Horse Shoe, and observing Salmon, Mullet, and Ray in the bay, he sent his men on shore with a net; the landing, according to tra-

dition, was upon Coney Island; and here quoting his journal, they caught ten great Mullet, a foot and a half long, and a Ray as great as four men could haul into the ship.

On the fifth he commenced sounding the bay, and his men again landed; the shores were lined with the Indians, who gave our voyagers many presents, among them "sweet dried currants," most probably whortleberries, in which the neighbourhood now abounds.

Hudson, perceiving that a large river emptied itself into the bay, sent his boat with five men, who passed the Narrows and discovered the kills between Staten Island and Bergen Neck: the ground, he observes, "was covered with grass, flowers, and trees, as fine as they ever saw, and the air was filled with fragrance.

In this expedition was John Colman, who had shared with Hudson the perils of a former voyage to the polar seas. While the boat was returning they were attacked by twenty-six Indians in two canoes, and Colman was killed and two others wounded; after their return to the ship their slain comrade was interred on Sandy Hook, and the point named Colman's Point.

Having spent a week south of the Narrows, Hudson passed through them into New York Bay. "Here the people of the country came on board making great show of love, giving tobacco and Indian wheat, but we could not trust them." On the twelfth they "rode up into the mouth of the great river, and in the afternoon went two leagues up and anchored." He had been sur-

rounded during the day by great numbers of the savages, but suspecting treachery suffered none to come on board.

Hudson gave the name of the De Grootte Riviere to the magnificent stream he was about ascending, but it has had many appellations: Manhattan River, from a neighbouring tribe of Indians, Mohegan from another, by which name it was called universally by the New England people in early days. Its Indian name was Shatemuck, the Iroquois nation termed it the Cohohatatea. In the days of the Dutch settlements it went by the name of the Noordt or North River, which it still retains in some measure, although it is fast giving place to that of the Hudson. This is to be regretted, as the great navigator has an enduring memorial in the great northern bay, and the city that bears his name. If we cannot retain one of its beautiful Indian appellations, let us cling to that of the North River, as more dignified and more in consonance with its magnitude and wild beauties.

Hudson now pursued his way slowly up the river finding much to admire, and trading with innumerable tribes of Indians upon its banks, finding them to be "very loving people, and many very old men, by whom he and his crew were well used."

Passing the majestic pallisade rocks, the Tappan Sea, and the lofty Mattewan mountains, he casts anchor in the bay of Newburgh and makes the following remark: "This is a very pleasant place to build a town on, the road is very neare

and very good for all winds, save an east north-east wind." Hudson was not mistaken; his prophetic anticipation has been fully realized in the rich and flourishing town of Newburgh.

Still working slowly upward Hudson arrives opposite to where now stands the city that bears his name; here they went on land and "gathered good store of chestnuts," and on the following day took a walk on the west side, where now is the village of Athens, and "found good ground for corne and other garden herbs, with good store of goodly oakes, and walnut trees and chestnut trees, ewe trees and trees of sweet wood in great abundance, and great store of slate for houses, and other good stones." Beyond this point the river became so shallow and filled with islands that the voyage was more arduous than hitherto. Quoting his journal, "on the seventeenth they ran up six leagues higher, and found shoals in the middle of the channell and small islands, but seven fathoms water on both sides; toward nighte we borrowed so neere the shore that we grounded, so we laid out our small anchor and heaved off again, then we borrowed on the banks in the channell and came a ground again, while the flood ran we heaved off again and anchored all nighte."

On the nineteenth he worked up opposite to where now stands the city of Albany, many of the natives visited them, but fearing treachery, the master and mate hit upon the following novel experiment to test their sincerity; they

took them into the cabin and gave them so much "wine and aqua vitæ that they were all merrie, and one of them had his wife with him which sate so modestly as any of our country women would doe in a strange place." The denouement was, that one of them became intoxicated. "On beholding him stagger and fall, the natives became dumb with utter astonishment; they could only say by their looks and gestures that it was strange to them, for they could not tell how to take it." It is memorable as the first introduction of the fire waters of the whites to the noble Iroquois, which in after time became more fatal to their race than famine or the sword.

Albany was the highest point reached by the Half Moon, but Hudson sent a boat, probably as far as Troy or Lansingburgh to make discoveries.

On the return of the Half Moon down the river nothing particular occurred, until within the vicinity of Peekskill, where the natives became troublesome, and finally one of them clambered in at the cabin window and made off with a pillow; the mate, Ivet, (whose conduct toward Hudson in the succeeding voyage has stamped him as a blood-thirsty villain) perceiving it, seized a musket and shot the culprit. This was the first Indian blood that was shed, and is to be remembered as the opening of a tragedy that has swept the race of the red men from their native hills. Pursuing their way down the river they reached Fort Washington, where in conse-

quence of an affront received by the Indians in the upward passage, they had assembled in large numbers, and on the approach of the Half Moon commenced discharging their arrows. Hudson ordered the great guns to be fired and killed two of his opponents, but nowise intimidated, many put off in canoes to renew the contest as the vessel receded, when eight more of the Indians fell, this cooled their ardour, and Hudson pursued his way to the ocean without further molestation.

The character of the great navigator was that of a humane man—one that would not commit an injury wantonly. The death of the savage at Peekskill was by the hand of the mate, who committed the act hastily and rashly, and probably before Hudson could have interfered to prevent it; the last catastrophe occurred in self-defence.

What may we now suppose would be the feelings of Hudson if at this day he could revisit the scenes of his early exploits?—instead of the wildness of nature, and the still wilder savage, four fair cities, (one of them the largest in the western hemisphere,) more than fifty towns and numberless abodes of wealth and civilization, would greet his wondering eyes. But where are the countless hordes that lined the banks,

“Thick, as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Valambrosa,”

to gaze at the white stranger and his winged barque, “Echo answers where,” there is not a solitary descendant to be seen in the home of

his fathers, and not a memorial left of their existence upon their own bright river, save a few names of the lost tribes given to its localities, and many of those are so distorted as to bear little affinity to the originals. Who would suppose that 'Tuphann, the Delaware word for cold stream, was the origin of Tappan Sea? Would he not conclude it was given in honour of some ancestor of the worthy merchant, who answers to that cognomen? or who, on passing the creek of the Wapingi, now Wappinger's creek, would not deem it called after some portly Burgomaster of New Amsterdam or Beaverwyck? but Manhattan and Mattewan, and the Mohawk, still linger in pristinetime purity, and let us be thankful. Happily the wretched taste that dictated the names for most localities on the river, is not in fashion in all sections of our county. Though the sonorous Mohegan has given place to the Hudson, and the musical Horican to that of Lake George; the mighty lakes and rivers of the west still retain their beautiful Indian appellations, and in them shall the memory of the red man live—

"Ye say they all have perished,
 That noble race and brave;
 That their light canoes have vanished
 From off the crested wave.
 That, 'mid the forest, where they roamed,
 There rings no hunter's shout—
 But their names are on your waters—
 Ye may not wash them out.

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Ye say their cone like cabins
 That clustered o'er the vale,
 Have fled away like withered leaves
 Before the autumn gale;
 But their memory liveth on your hills—
 Their baptism on your shore;
 Your everlasting rivers speak
 Their dialect of yore."

The approach from the ocean to the city of New York presents some of the most beautiful scenery imaginable; and we can suppose nothing more exhilarating to the senses of the way-worn voyager on the broad Atlantic than the first burst upon his vision of the magnificent bay, and the commercial queen of the western world. On either side are the green shores of Staten and Long Islands; on his left is the Lazaretto with its picturesque buildings, backed by the verdant hills, and, if in the summer season, a fleet of vessels riding at quarantine; beyond are the indented shores of New Jersey, with the lofty pallisade rocks melting away in the distance; on the right stretch the shores of Long Island, with its finely wooded heights, and the domes and steeples of Brooklyn rising above the foliage. In front is the bay studded with green islets crowned with castles and frowning batteries, and gleaming with the white sails of countless water-craft, drawn by the cords of commerce from every clime, with the city in the distance, encircled by its forest of masts, washed by a mighty river and an arm of the sea, and springing from the waves like the fabled Cytherea, in all her pride and beauty.

New York, as is well-known, is situated at the confluence of the North and East Rivers, on the southern point of Manhattan Island, and forms nearly a triangle, the base of which is about two and a half miles. Its site was formerly unequal in surface, but its painstaking authorities have cut down the hills, filled up its swamps and valleys, and rendered it nearly a level plain, with hardly enough of elevation to carry off the water. One-fourth of the city plot may be estimated to have been gained from the rivers, comprising on the west, nearly the whole of Greenwich, Washington, and West streets, and on the south, Water, Front, and South streets, with their numerous piers and wharves.

To a resident of forty or fifty years, (and fifty years is an age in America,) it is interesting to recur to the strange mutations that the city has undergone in that lapse of time—the hills from which, when a boy, he had sent off his kite; the sheets of water lying deep in the valleys where he had launched his tiny boat; the dells where he had sought nuts and berries; the pebbly beach on which his footsteps loved to linger; the woods, the hills, all, all, have vanished, and like the lost pleiad are numbered among the things that have been. There is scarcely a street in the ancient part of the town, but has been widened or remodelled—not a house standing that has sheltered the heads of our fathers. It is modern in its buildings, modern in its embellishments, modern in all things, and in this age of improvement, or more properly this

levelling age, it would require a seer to predict what may be its appearance in the lapse of another half century. It is not our intention to dwell upon the beauty of its public buildings, its many worthy institutions, its splendid prospects in future, presuming that all are familiar to most of our readers, and shall now proceed to give a rapid sketch of its early history.

New York was founded by a small body of adventurers, sent out by a company of merchants at Amsterdam in 1614, under a Captain Christiaense. In the following year the feeble settlement was broke up by Argak, with a small squadron from Virginia, but was speedily resumed under Peter Minuit, who held the reins of government, until the Dutch West India Company, in 1629, despatched Wouter Van Twiller to supercede him—under his guidance New Amsterdam, (the name given to the town by the Dutch,) steadily increased in wealth and population. In 1637 Wilhelmus Kieft succeeded Van Twiller. The character of this man was choleric and imperious, and during his administration the colony suffered much from Indian aggressions, and became involved in constant contentions with the English settlements of Hartford and New Haven. The Dutch claimed as the boundary of the colony, the Connecticut River on the east, and the Delaware on the south, and had built for the purpose of Indian trade, a small fort near the site of the present Hartford called Fort Good Hope, which brought them in

close contact with the English, and many were the grievances they had to endure from their neighbours, and of which a circumstantial record is in existence—from it we extract the following ludicrous and graphic expositions.

“Twenty-fifth April, 1640. Those of Hartford have not only usurped and taken in the lands of Connecticut, &c., but have also beaten the servants of the high and mighty and honoured company with sticks and plough staves in hostile manner, laming them, and among the rest struck Evert Duckings, a hole in his head with a stick so that the blood ran very strongly down his body.” “Twelfth-fourth June, 1641. Some of Hartford have taken a hog out of the common, and shut him up, out of mere hate or other prejudice, causing it to starve for hunger in the sty.” “Twenty-ninth May, 1642. The English of Hartford have violently cut loose a horse of the honoured company, that stood bound upon the common.” “Twenty-third. The said English did again drive the company hogs from the common into the village, and pounded them.”—Hazard, Vol. 2. p. 264.

Peter Stuyvesant, a hardy old veteran, nursed in the schools of Van Tromp and De Ruyter, was the last of the Dutch governors, and succeeded Kieft in 1647. His prudence and vigour were the means of restoring peace with the Indians, and of preserving it during his administration—he also brought the Swedish colony on the Delaware, which had long defied the power and threats of Kieft, under subjection, and de-

stroyed their fort at New Castle. Under his energetic rule New Amsterdam became a thriving and prosperous settlement, and all the early writers agree in describing the metropolis as a well built town. Josselyn asserts that the meanest house in it was worth one hundred pounds.

But a storm was gathering, that the patriotic old governor was unable to resist: Charles the Second, forgetful of the debt of gratitude due to Holland, that had sheltered him in his deepest distress, and a willing tool in the hands of the French King, had set up a claim to the sovereignty of the territory—made a grant of it to his brother James, Duke of York, and despatched a body of troops and a fleet under Colonel Nichols, to compel submission. Stuyvesant in the mean while had exerted himself to put the city and fort in the best attitude of defence, but found it impossible to instil a portion of his own indomitable spirit into the breast of its defenders. It must, however, be confessed, that the overwhelming force brought against them, rendered resistance utterly hopeless, and to add unnecessary bloodshed to unavoidable defeat appeared to them a wanton waste of life. Not so reasoned the Governor; for several days he upheld the honour, and prolonged the dominion of his country, in despite both of the desertion of her unwarlike children and impending danger from a stronger foe. On the arrival of the English, he sent a deputation with a courteous letter, desiring to know the reason and purpose of this

hostile approach. Nichols answered with equal politeness that he was ordered by his royal master to take possession of the British territory, which had been usurped by the Dutch, and that he must therefore demand the instant surrender of the place, promising life, liberty, and the security of property to all who should submit, and threatening the extremity of war to all who should oppose.

Stuyvesant on receiving the summons was sensible of no other consideration than the insolence and injustice with which his country was treated, and earnestly hoping that her honour would be preserved, even if her power was overturned, called a council of the burgomasters, and earnestly laboured to impart to them a portion of his own feelings, but in vain. They coolly asked of him a copy of the letter of Nichols, which Stuyvesant felt no inclination to grant, as he deemed the easy terms proffered would effectually cool what little military ardour might linger about them—and on a second requisition indignantly tore the letter in pieces, and took the sole responsibility of the measures he might adopt. He now made an affecting appeal to the generosity and justice of a gallant enemy, and concluded it with this undaunted and pathetic reply to the threats of military execution in case of resistance. “As touching your threats in your conclusion, we have nothing to answer, only that we fear nothing but what God, who is as just as merciful, shall lay upon us, all things being in his gracious disposal; and we may as

well be preserved by him with small forces, as by a great army, which makes us to wish you all happiness and prosperity, and recommend you to his protection."

After the English had invested the place, Stuyvesant still clung to the hope that his fellow-citizens would rally to the rescue and defend the the rights of their country; but Nichols, who had learned how little the inhabitants participated in the military ardour of the Governor, found means to circulate in the town, a proclamation, reiterating his original offers; a measure which completely disarmed the spirits of the besieged and extinguished the authority of Stuyvesant, who now felt himself obliged to open a capitulation to prevent the town from being surrendered without that formality. The most favourable terms were granted by Nichols, but it was three days after they were agreed upon before the resolute old Governor could be persuaded to affix his name to the hated document. The amusing historian of the Dutch dynasty, (Knickerbocker) affirms that the cowardly burgomasters sent a deputation to implore his signature, but he had barricaded his doors and denied them admittance; they, however, parleyed with him as he sat at an attic window, watching the motion of the British fleet, and eying with a look of scorn the recreants below him. They finally sent up by means of a long pole the necessary document, and Stuyvesant hastily and tremulously attaching his signature, hurled the paper back in surly

defiance. The rest of the province followed the fate of the capital, and thus, by an act of the most flagrant injustice, in a time of peace between the parent governments, was overthrown, in 1664, the Dutch dominion in North America.

Colonel Nichols was a fine old soldier, and administered on behalf of the proprietor the government of the province, (which with the town now took the name of New York) with singular prudence and moderation. If at any time, by the decrees of his arbitrary master, he was compelled to act contrary to his inclinations or disposition, his urbanity and kindness disarmed all hostility to himself, and when he left the colony, he carried with him the respect and esteem of the inhabitants. From an inscription upon his monument in Ampthill Church, Bedfordshire, it appears that he was killed in a sea fight with the Dutch in 1672. Within the pediment is affixed the cannon ball that killed him, surmounted by this inscription, "Instrumentum mortis et immortalitatis."

In the mean time, by the treaty of peace concluded at Breda, Holland, had ceded her claims to the New Netherlands in exchange for the colony of Surinam, which had been conquered by the Dutch; this exchange being expressed by a stipulation that each of the two nations should retain what its arms had gained since hostilities began.

On the departure of Nichols, the government was invested in Lovelace, an honourable and inoffensive man, and during the six years

it lasted the colony was prosperous and contented.

In 1677 during the second war with the Dutch, a small squadron under Binkes and Evertson was fitted out by Holland to destroy the commerce of the British dependencies, and having ravaged the coast of Virginia, the commanders were induced to attempt the capture of New York by intelligence of the negligent security of the Governor. It arrived at a time when Lovelace was absent at a distance, and the command had devolved upon Colonel Manning, whose conduct upon the occasion, and subsequent avowals, have stamped upon him the character of a coward and traitor. The English prepared to defend themselves, and offered their services to Manning, but he obstructed their purposes, forbade a gun to be fired on pain of death, and struck his flag before the enemy's vessels had appeared in sight.

The moderation of the conquerors were evinced by their hastening to assure the citizens of the security of their rights and possessions, and left the English with no cause of resentment, except against their own pusillanimous Governor.

Manning had the impudence to repair to England, whence he returned or was sent back, when the province reverted to England in the following year, and underwent a trial before a Court Martial on a charge of treachery and cowardice; he confessed the truth of both charges, and received a sentence as extraordinary as his con-

duct, "That though he deserved death, yet because he had been in England since the surrender, and *seen the King and the Duke*, it was adjudged that his sword should be broke over his head in public, and himself rendered incapable of serving his majesty in any future trust."

By the treaty of peace, signed in London 1674, New York was restored to the English, and Edmund Andros was despatched by the duke to assume the government. The exactions and tyranny of this unprincipled man, rendered his name odious, and for a length of time raised a flame of opposition throughout the length and breadth of the land, that more politic governors found difficult to subdue. In 1680, James found it necessary to recall him for a time, and appointed Colopel Dongan to fill his place. The most interesting document connected with the administration of Andros, is a reply by him to interrogations made by the English Committee of Colonies in 1678—from it we learn that New York contained in that year 3430 inhabitants, and owned a navy of three ships, eight sloops, and seven boats. The imports amounted to 50,000*l*, and the exports consisted of beef, peas, lumber, tobacco, peltry, and 60,000 bushels of wheat. Of servants the number were small, and they were much wanted; some importations of slaves had been made from Barbadoes, but there were but few as yet of that unfortunate class in the country. Agriculture was more generally followed than trade. A tradesman

worth 1000*l.* was considered a substantial merchant, and a planter worth a fourth of that sum in moveable goods was accounted rich. All the estates in the province were valued at 50,000*l.* Ministers, says Andros, are scarce, and religions many. There were no beggars in the province, and the poor, who were few, were well provided for.

Colonel Dongan (afterward Earl of Limerick) was a man of integrity; his solicitations in aid of the inhabitants induced the proprietor to grant a charter for a limited period to the Colony, somewhat similar to those enjoyed by the adjacent provinces, and during Dongan's administration, the first assembly was convoked.

In 1685 James succeeded his brother Charles on the throne of England, and the province devolved upon the crown. Its inhabitants had looked to this event with anxiety and hope, as they had been for some time soliciting a formal grant of the Constitution under which they were then living. The Duke had promised to gratify their wishes, and had actually proceeded so far as to sign a patent in conformity therewith, which at his accession to the throne only required some trivial act on his part to render valid; but they were doomed to be disappointed. James, with that duplicity so characteristic of the man, was not ashamed as King of England to violate the pledge given when Duke of York, and now unblushingly refused to grant the boon, and proceeded to revoke the former orders on the subject given to Dongan. In the second

year of his reign he issued to him a new commission, empowering him, with the consent of a council, to enact the laws, and to impose the taxes; and commanding him not to allow a printing press to exist.

In the mean time, Andros was despatched to New-England, but James paused before he restored the authority of that obnoxious governor in New-York. This manifestation of the intentions of the King caused a great ferment among the populace, who now endured with impatience the yoke they felt themselves unable to break. Dongan continued to administer the government, but the arbitrary decrees he was obliged to enforce rendered him unpopular, though his moderation and regard for the public weal continued unabated. His zeal, in the cause of his master, became at last to be questioned, and in 1688 his commission was recalled, and the colony again given in the charge of its old tyrant Andros, who now became governor of both New-England and New-York. He still, however, continued to reside in Boston, and deputed one Nicholson to act as his lieutenant.

In 1689, news arrived of the accession of William and Mary. Nicholson not only refused to acknowledge them, but wrote an angry letter to governor Bradstreet, at Boston, demanding the instant release of Andros, and the punishment of the rebels, who had dared to place him in durance. In this posture of affairs, a portion of the people placed themselves under the command of Jacob Leisler; a man of headstrong

passions and shallow capacity, and a captain of one of the trained bands. He immediately led them to the fort, made good his entrance, and hoisted the standard of William and Mary.

On assuming the command, Leisler issued a proclamation, asserting that he had taken the step in defence of the protestant religion, and held the fort in attendance upon the orders of their majesties. He also despatched a messenger to court, who was graciously received, and had the honour of kissing the hand of the King; but while the zeal of the people was applauded, not a word was uttered in favour of Leisler. William was a worshipper of the divine right of kings, equally with his predecessor; and he considered the assumption of power on the part of a subject, (though in this case asserted in his own cause,) of a dangerous tendency, and calculated to bring the attributes of sovereignty into disrepute.

In this posture of affairs, a violent party had sprung up in New-York, composed of the gentry and leading men, who looked upon Leisler as a person beneath them, and refused to submit to his authority; the majority of the people, however, continued his friends.

In 1691, Colonel Slougher arrived to assume the command; but Leisler, who had long enjoyed the sweets of power, hesitated to surrender it on the summons of Slougher; he answered in the language of folly, that he would not give up the fort, except on an order from the King, and thus furnished his enemies with a

legal pretext for destroying him, which they were too ready to avail themselves of. Colonel Slougher soon established his authority, and Leisler and his son-in-law, Milbourne, were brought to trial, and vainly pleading their meritorious services in originating the revolution of the province, were adjudged to suffer death; Slougher long hesitated to inflict the penalty, and tradition informs us that when no other measures could prevail with the governor, a sumptuous banquet was prepared, to which he was invited, and when under the influence of the intoxicating cup, the entreaties of the company prevailed upon him, to affix his signature to the death warrant, and before he recovered his reason, the prisoners were executed. "Put not your trust in princes," is the advice of the sacred writer, and its soundness is admirably exemplified in the case of Leisler. The execution of Leisler and Milbourne filled the majority of the people with horror, and in after years, when the passions of their opponents began to cool, efforts were made with the King to reverse the iniquitous bill of attainder, which happily succeeded, and the remains of the victims were taken up and reinterred with much solemnity in Garden street Church. The assembly also passed a bill, granting to their heirs the sum of 1000*l.* sterling.

Colonel Fletcher succeeded Slougher, but there was little about his administration worthy of note. He was a man of irascible temper, sordid dispositions, and narrow capacity, and his

time was principally occupied in contentions with the House of Assembly.

In 1698, Richard, Earl of Bellamont, was appointed to succeed Fletcher; and was one of the most popular of the English Governors. During his administration flourished the noted pirate Kidd. Previous to the arrival of Bellamont the American seas were much infested with privateers, sailing under licenses from James II, granted in his exile, and who were looked upon by the English as no better than pirates. To abate the nuisance became an object of importance with the government; and William Kidd, an inhabitant of New-York, celebrated for his prowess as a privateersman in the West-Indies, being in England at the time, was recommended to Bellamont by Col. Livingston, as a person well qualified, from his knowledge of the pirates and their haunts, to aid in their suppression and apprehension. Kidd was not averse to the enterprise, and proposed that the King should grant him a commission and the command of a frigate for the purpose. This plan, from some cause or other, fell through, and unfortunately for the character of those concerned; a private association was formed in the shape of a joint stock company, for the purchase of a cruiser; the King himself was concerned, and held a tenth share. The Lord Chancellor, (Somers), the Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earls of Romney and Oxford, and other persons of distinction, were also shareholders.

Kidd received an ordinary commission from the Crown, as a privateer with special directions from the noble owners of his vessel to hold himself responsible to Lord Bellamont, and sailed to effect the objects of the proprietors in the Adventure galley. Two years after, the Earl arrived in New-York, to assume the functions of his office, and found to his dismay that by his patronage of Kidd, he had been accessory to an aggravation of the evil he had hoped to extirpate. Kidd had already rendered himself more infamous and formidable than any other pirate that infested the seas by the extent of his naval robberies and murders; Bellamont exerted himself to repair, by better agency, the consequences of his error; and fortunately succeeded in apprehending Kidd in the streets of Boston, where he had the audacity to repair on a trafficking expedition, under the belief that he should not be recognised. From Boston, he was transferred to England, and was brought twice to the bar of the House of Commons, by the opponents of the ministry, and examined touching the conduct and interests of his associates in the expedition, but without eliciting any thing to their prejudice. From the House of Commons, he was sent to the Old Bailey, where he stood his trial, and was convicted of piracy and murder, and soon after underwent the punishment awarded to his crimes. The actions of this bold outlaw caused a great sensation in the colonies, where it was the general opinion that he had many confederates, who furthered his views, and shared in the

plunder. Previous to his last visit to Boston, and on his return from a successful cruise on the Spanish Main, he landed on Gardiner's Island, at the head of Long Island Sound, and placed a large amount of property in the hands of Mr. Gardiner, who, probably, was not aware of the manner in which it was obtained. This deposit came to the ears of Lord Bellamont, by whom it was demanded and received. A schedule of the gold and jewels in the handwriting of Kidd is still in possession of the Gardiner family. There are many places in Long Island Sound, that common fame asserts to be the depositories of Kidd's hidden treasures, and ever since they have been occasionally ransacked by money diggers.

Lord Bellamont, after an arduous administration, and many futile attempts to reconcile the contending factions, growing principally out of the Leisler affair, died suddenly in New York, and was interred (as was also his Countess soon after him) in the Garden-street Church. Since the great fire in December, 1835, this Church, which was then burnt within the walls, and the cemetery attached, have been sold and appropriated to mercantile purposes, and the remains of the illustrious dead scattered to the winds. Among the discovered relics, were the silver coffin plates, designating the names and titles of the Earl and his Countess.

Lord Cornbury, grandson to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and a near relation to Queen Anne, succeeded Bellamont. He was young,

profligate, and a spendthrift. Unable to subsist on his lawful emoluments, even with the addition of enormous peculation, he contracted debts with every tradesman who would trust him, and employed the powers of his office to set his creditors at defiance; his exactions and petty tyranny were not soon forgotten. On his removal from office by Queen Anne, he was thrown into prison for private debts contracted while governor, and was not released until by the death of his father, his succession to the peerage withdrew him from the grasp of the law.

During his administration an epidemic, (probably the yellow fever) swept over the city, and Cornbury in a message he transmitted to the assembly, ascribed it to the burning of oyster shells into lime, within the precincts of the town. It is worthy of notice, merely as showing the state of medical science in that day. Lime is now considered as one of the best of disinfecting agents. Among his acts is one granting for a term of years to Garret De Graw, the exclusive right to the fishery of porpoises within the waters of the province. This employment is now unknown. At the close of Cornbury's career, 1709, the population of New York had increased to about 7000, and the shipping and commerce in a much greater ratio.

The mistaken policy of Britain in sending to her colonies the sweepings of her jails, coupled with the debasing evils of the slave trade, rendered the seaports and large towns (where the vicious are most sure to cluster) a heterogeneous com-

pound, as to morals, and it is not to be supposed that New York was exempt from the evils attending upon such a mixed state of society. Piracy was frequent in the adjacent seas, and men of wealth and influence were aiding and abetting. The people consisted of various races, but chiefly Dutch, and the Presbyterian was the prevailing religion. The Dutch congregations acknowledged subjection to the ecclesiastical authorities of Holland, and from them the ministers derived their ordination and authority. The services of the church were performed in the Dutch language, which was more in general use than the English. In the courts of Judicature, the law required that the latter should be solely used, and in the neighbouring towns it was often found difficult to collect twelve men, sufficiently conversant with it to perform the functions of jurors.

Lord Lovelace succeeded Cornbury in 1709, but his administration was cut short by death. From the date of his decease to the commencement of the revolution, a succession of governors arrived to administer the affairs of the province, and the names of Ingoldsby, Colonel Hunter, Colonel Schuyler, Burnet, Montgomery, Van Dam, Clark, Cosby, Clinton, Sir Danvers Osborn, Delancy, Hardy, Colden, General Monckton, Sir Henry Moore, Lord Dunmore, and Tryon, follow each other in due order; but there are few incidents connected with their reigns that would properly come within the scope of this work. The history of the province

during the period is principally made up of contentions and squabbles between the rulers and the ruled, and accounts of border frays with the French and Indians.

The English governors, with few exceptions, were men of broken fortune, cadets of noble families, or mere adventurers, who were to be provided for by the crown, and their end and aim was the amassing of wealth in the least possible time, and return and enjoy it in their mother country. To effect the object they were not scrupulous about the means; and their exactions and tyranny opened a well spring of hate that flowed on with increasing volume until the province was severed from the British Empire.

In 1741, during the government of Clark, occurred the famous negro plot; and from the nature of the evidence and the testimony of Horsmanden, the Recorder and historian of the plot, we are led to believe, that this affair, so terrific to the inhabitants at the time, and so tragical in its results to the sufferers, rested upon a fabric "as baseless as a vision." It appears that some fires had occurred in the city, which many imputed to design; and several robberies had taken place and the stolen property found in the possession of one Hughson and his wife, who had probably purchased it from the thieves. This in a town of limited population, naturally caused some excitement, and to add to it, a woman of low character, a female Titus Oates, from malevolent motives, or the love of notoriety, or the hopes of reward, or all com-

bined, went before the magistrates with a plausible story, and accused Hughson and others of having conspired with the negroes, to burn the town and rob and murder the inhabitants. The credence given to the statements of this woman, (whose name was Mary Burton,) and the rewards she received, soon induced others, as depraved as herself, to come forward; among whom were a dissolute soldier, by the name of Kane, and a woman called Peggy Carey, who pretended to corroborate the stories of their senior in iniquity. The populace, ever ready for the marvellous, greedily swallowed the bait and a scene of terror ensued that beggars description; all that could get away from the devoted city, hurried off; the magistrates ordered a general search; the militia were called out; sentries posted at every avenue, and a scene of judicial investigation and murder ensued that can only be paralleled with the witch tragedies of Salem.

The general search amounted to nothing. A sapient alderman discovered in the hands of Robin, and Cuba his wife, slaves of Mr. Chambers, some few articles which in the plenitude of his wisdom he thought unbecoming their condition in life, but what they were he has not deigned to inform us, and thus ended the first move; but the magistrates and people were resolved that a conspiracy had taken place, and every stranger and strange-looking negro, and every slave, who like poor Robin, was in possession of things unfitted to his situation, were forthwith hurried to prison. Proclamations were also made, offering

pardons to the free who should make discoveries or accuse others, and liberty to the slaves who should do the same, and money to both. The consequence was, that many of the slaves confined in jail, accused themselves and others, hoping to receive the promised boon ; what one invented was heard and repeated by another, until by degrees the whole assumed the shape and consistency of a regular plot.

Among the whites who were apprehended was a person by the name of Ury, and from the nature of the evidence on which he was condemned and hung, we may draw some conclusions as to the weight of the testimony given in the case of others.

Ury was a nonjuring clergyman, and was obliged to leave England for refusing to take the oaths required by law. It appears by his diary, and by irreproachable witnesses, that he had taught school in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and came to New York for the purpose of following his vocation, and finally entered into a partnership with another schoolmaster, one Campbell, and they hired the house which Hughson and his wife had been removed from, when accused of receiving stolen goods, but found the daughter there, and they reproved her for her profanity. This girl appeared as a witness, and described Ury as making a circle on the floor with chalk, placing the negroes on the chalk, and standing in the middle with a crucifix and baptizing and swearing them. This story was too palpably absurd, and a fresh charge was

trumped up against him, that of being a jesuit in disguise. A confectioner by the name of Desbrosses deposed, that Ury came to his shop with one Webb, a carpenter, and wanted sugar bits, or wafers; and he asked him "whether a minister had not his wafers of him, or whether that paste, which the deponent showed, was not made of the same ingredients as the Lutheran ministers, or something to that purpose," and he asked Ury if he had a congregation, but Ury waived giving him an answer. Webb, the carpenter, was also examined, and his testimony amounted to Ury having told him that he had written a book in England which was called treason, although he did not mean it so, and that a friend, a great man, got him off; that on religious subjects he (the carpenter,) could *not understand him*; that, as to negroes, he (Ury) had a despicable opinion of them, and that after Campbell removed to the house which Hughson had occupied, Ury went thither, and the deponent likewise went to the place three times, and heard Ury read prayers in the manner of the Church of England; but in the prayer for the king, he did not mention the name—that he preached against drunkenness, debauchery, and deists, admonishing every one to keep to his own minister, and said, "he only gave a word of admonition at the request of the family where he was." He has heard him say, that such a day was his sacrament day," and thinks he has heard him say that he must administer the sacrament, but cannot be positive." On such testi-

mony was this poor creature, after a masterly defence, made by himself, convicted and hung. Before the excitement subsided thirteen blacks suffered at the stake, nineteen were hung, and seventy transported to the West Indies. Hughson and his wife, and Peggy Carey, also paid the forfeit of their lives. During the time of the trials, the wretch Mary Burton lived and feasted at the expense of the town, and finally received one hundred pounds as a reward for her disclosures.

In 1753, Sir Danvers Osborn arrived to assume the reins of government. His predecessor Mr. Clinton, was absent at Flushing, and he put up at the house of Mr. Murray, a member of the council. It was observed by those in communication with him, that he was much depressed in spirits, which was attributed to the recent loss of his wife, and to the arduous prospect that opened before him in governing and reconciling a discontented people; the situation of his mind caused no particular alarm, but on the morning of the 12th, (five days after his arrival) he was found dead, suspended by his handkerchief to the garden fence of his host. He was succeeded by Mr. Delancy, but the history of his administration, as also those of the royal governors, his successors in office, offer little, save accounts of their contentions with the populace, arising out of efforts to sustain the arbitrary measures of the Crown in opposition to those of the citizens; those local incidents, though interesting to an inhabitant, would not be particularly so to a stranger.

After the battle of Long Island and the evacuation of the city by General Washington, it was taken possession of by the British, and was the head quarters of their commanders during the momentous struggle that ensued. Its capture was the first trophy won by their arms in the contest, as it was also their last foothold in the desenthralled and emancipated colonies.

Since the days of English rule, New York has increased in wealth and population with astonishing rapidity, having doubled the number of its inhabitants in about every fifteen years. The general appearance of the city has also much improved, and some of its public buildings are now truly magnificent. Of late years the taste for architectural ornament has been cultivated with success, and the classic proportions of many edifices erected in the period, bear honourable evidence of the fact. Among a number may be named, the House of Detention, in Elm street, modelled after the time-worn temples of Egypt; and the University in Washington Square, presenting a pure and chaste specimen of the Gothic style of the middle ages.—Its Chapel, with its ponderous pendants and rich tracery, its exquisite carved work and beautiful window, with the subdued and mellow light streaming through the stained glass, carries the mind of the beholder to those Halls and Chapels of Oxford,

“ Where mystic learning still adores
Her holy Henry’s shade.

Though small in comparison with those noble

piles on which the wealth of kingdoms have been lavished, it is nevertheless a real bijou, and we know of no building in the city more worthy of a stranger's visit.

The Custom House in Wall street, now building of white marble, is designed after the Temple of the Winds at Athens, and will, when completed, offer an enduring specimen of the architecture of Greece in her proudest days.

On leaving the wharf at the foot of Courtlandt or Barclay street, and heading up stream, from the promenade deck of the steamboat a splendid panorama is opened before the traveller. In the language of Halleck.

"Tall spire and glittering roof, and battlement,
And banners floating in the sunny air,
And white sails o'er the calm blue waters bent;
Green isle and circling shore are blending there
In wild reality; when life is old
And many a scene forgot, the heart will hold
Its memory of this."

To the south lies the beautiful bay, backed by the hills of New Jersey and Staten Island, on the left, is Paulus Hook, (now Jersey City,) near it is the genuine Dutch settlement of Horsimus; and farther on is Hoboken, with its pleasure grounds, groves, and green lawns, the resort of the bourgeois of the city on a holyday afternoon.

Of Paulus Hook, [sold, as old records tell us, by governor Kieft to Abraham Isaacs Plank, for 450 guilders,] there are some interesting reminiscences, connected with the revolutionary war. It was here that Major Lee, with his regiment of horse, made a dash upon a British

regiment, under colonel Sutherland, capturing many, and driving the remainder into the river, where they were picked up by the boats of the men of war, at anchor in the stream. The surprise was so complete, that resistance was of no avail, and the major and his men returned to the American encampment at Newark, with but little loss.

Hoboken is changed from what it was of yore. The speculators have cut up a large portion of its pleasure grounds into town lots—but there is still a shady walk, winding along the beach, and at the foot of the hills to what are termed “the Elysian Fields,” a beautiful expanse of green sward planted with trees, and extending down to the river’s brink. On the green, and surrounded with foliage, is a rural auberge, looking upon the river, city, and bay, and is a delightful retreat from the noise and bustle of a great commercial mart, near enough

“To see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd,
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.”

As the traveller ascends the river, he will see New-York, spread before him as on a map, and if he has a friend at his elbow, acquainted with its localities, many objects of interest may be pointed out. Above the old State Prison dock, and standing, amid a wilderness of brick and mortar, is still to be seen the old country-house of the late William Bayard, long one of

our most estimable merchants; it is remembered as the building in which General Hamilton breathed his last; he was brought in a barge from the battle field of Hoboken, or rather Weehawk, to die under the roof of his friend. A little distance farther, with its Gothic turrets and pinnacles, stands the Episcopal College, on ground devised by the late Bishop Moore.

Weehawk is on the opposite shore, and is celebrated for its wild and beautiful scenery; about a mile above the hamlet, is a small spot of green sward on the river side, covering about an acre, and overhung by dark overshadowing cliffs; it is the celebrated duelling ground, where so many valuable lives have been sacrificed at the false shrine of honour.

The shores, from here to Fort Lee, are wild and savage; the impending cliffs rising to the height of three or four hundred feet; between their base and the water are often seen many little sheltered nooks and patches of arable land with cottages upon them. From the top of the cliffs, the ground descends in a gradual slope to the Hackensack river, about five miles distant, and is a rich farming district, occupied by a genuine Dutch population, where the language of the father land is still the vernacular.

As we recede from the city, the island of Manhattan presents a highly picturesque shore, with a gradual ascent, and adorned by the villas of wealthy citizens. About five miles on our way is the Orphan Asylum, a large Gothic looking edifice, and two miles to the north of

it, on some of the highest land on the island, is the one for Lunatics, connected with the New-York Hospital, and partially endowed by the State; it is a large building of Newark free stone, and the grounds around are laid out and embellished with much taste; the view from the top embraces a wide extent of the river and Long Island Sound, with ten or a dozen counties, in this and the neighbouring States.

On the hill, overlooking the river and the valley of Manhattanville, is Clermont, one of the most charming residences upon the island, and in times past the abode of men who have figured in the annals of the age. Joseph Bonaparte, ex-king of Spain, Viscount Courtney, since Earl of Devon, and Mr. Jackson, the British minister, (Copenhagen Jackson as he was termed,) all adopted this spot as a residence for a longer or shorter period.

Manhattanville, nestled among the hills, opens prettily from the water. Some years since, in excavating at the mouth of the cove for the Haerlem Canal, (since abandoned,) large quantities of timber were laid bare, lying several feet below the water of the river; the wood was sound, though dark coloured, and universally cedar; they lay as if a hurricane had passed over the forest and levelled it with the earth. It argues that the river has increased in elevation during a long lapse of years, or that those trees were the remains of an antediluvian world. From Manhattanville to Fort Washington are a range of

finely wooded heights sweeping gracefully down to the shore.

Fort Washington is a spot of some celebrity in the revolutionary annals. When the army retreated to White Plains, it was decided to leave a large garrison here under Colonel Magaw; the site commanding the river, and preventing the enemy from ascending into the heart of the country by that channel. While in the possession of the Americans the British ship of war *Mercury* attempted it, but a few well-directed shot caused a speedy retreat, and to save the lives of her crew she was run on shore opposite to where now stands the seventh mile stone on the *Bloomington* road, but soon after fell off and sunk in deep water; several attempts have been made of late years, by means of a diving bell, to recover her armament and what valuables she contained, but with little success.

The attack upon the fort was made from four different points—the Hessians, one of the attacking parties, under Knyphausen, marched up through the gorge where now runs the *Kingsbridge* road, as mechanically and coolly as if at a review, while from the wooded heights above a murderous fire was poured down by the sharpshooters of the garrison—the loss of the British amounted to about twelve hundred men; but the spirited defence, in consequence of a deficiency in ammunition, availed nothing. *Fort Washington*, and its garrison of near three thousand men, surrendered; and the captives were crammed the first night for safe keeping into a

barn on the Morris Farm, now Jumel's. The night was warm, and the foetid air engendered by so many lungs became insupportable. There was a constant cry for water, which was not withheld, but the pressure prevented those in the centre from reaching it, and they had to endure the most agonizing thirst. Captain Graydon, of the Pennsylvania line, who was one of the prisoners, informs us in his memoirs, "that he could liken the scene to no other than the black hole of Calcutta." To add to their distress they had to endure the jeers and taunts of their enemy, without the power of resenting it. There was one comical little fellow among the officers, a captain, who was not overstocked with learning or a knowledge of the graces, and who had lost his hat in the *melée*, and mounted an old tattered beaver in its place, that he had managed somehow or other to pick up; his clothes too were the worse for wear, having had sundry rents added to their former forlorn condition, during the day's hard service; this man was selected as a butt, and the shafts of the English officers were showered plentifully upon him—he was made to march and countermarch before them, and they frequently questioned him as to his rank in the rebel army; his answer was—a *Keppun*, which brought forth torrents of laughter.

The prisoners were marched the next day to the prisons and prison ships of New York, where a large portion of them perished from want and disease. In those days they were looked upon

as rebels, and the English commanders resorted to starvation and cruelty as the most likely means to bring about a recantation of error.

The loss of Fort Washington spread a gloom over the American cause, and many of its wavering friends deemed it a mark of prudence to make their peace with England.

The mounds of the old fort are distinguishable from the deck of the steamboat, and the view from them is one of the finest in the vicinity of New York, embracing a reach of fifty miles of the river, and a distant view of the Sound and Long Island.

Spiking Devil Creek opens upon us about two miles above Fort Washington and is a classic spot to the lovers of mirth; here Irving has laid the death of Antony Van Corlaer, the trumpeter of the chivalrous Governor Stuyvesant.

The governor, on the approach of the English under Colonel Nichols, had made an appeal to the patriotism of the burghers of New Amsterdam, which they had answered by playing craven. "Resolutely bent, however, upon defending his beloved city in despite even of itself, he called unto him his trusty Van Corlaer, who was his right hand man in all times of emergency. Him did he adjure to take his war denouncing trumpet and mounting his horse to beat up the country night and day. Sounding the alarm along the pastoral borders of the Bronx, startling the wild solitudes of Croton, arousing the rugged yeomanry of Weehawk and Hoboken, the mighty men of battle of Tappan Bay, and the

brave boys of Farrytown and Sleppy Hollow, together with all the warriors of the country round about, charging them one and all to sling their powder horns, shoulder their fowling pieces, and march merrily down to the Manhattoes.

"It was a dark and stormy night when the good Antony arrived at the famous creek (sage-ly denominated Haerlem river) which separates the island of Manhatta from the main land. The wind was high; the elements were in a roar, and no Charon could be found to ferry the adventurous sounder of brass across the water. For a short time, he vapoured like an impatient ghost upon the brink, and then, bethinking himself of the urgency of his errand, took a hasty embrace of his stone bottle, swore most valorously he would swim across en spijs den Duyvel (in spite of the Devil), and daringly plunged into the stream. Luckless Antony! scarce had he buffeted half-way over, when he was observed to struggle violently as if battling with the spirit of the waters; instinctively, he put his trumpet to his mouth and giving a vehement blast, sunk for ever to the bottom.

"The potent clangour of his trumpet, like the ivory horn of the renowned Paladin Orlando expiring in the field of Roncesvalles, rung far and wide through the country round, alarming the neighbours, who hurried in amazement to the spot. Here an old Dutch burgher, famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness to the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the story

ful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the Duyvel in the shape of a huge Mossbonker, seize the sturdy Antony by the leg and drag him beneath the waves. Certain it is, that the place, with the adjoining promontory which projects into the Hudson, has been called *Spijt den Duyvel*, or *Spiking Devil*, ever since. The restless ghost of the unfortunate Antony still haunts the surrounding solitudes, and his trumpet has often been heard by the neighbours of a stormy night mingling with the howling of the blast. Nobody ever attempts to swim over the creek after dark; on the contrary, a bridge has been built to guard against such melancholy accidents in future, and as to Mossbonkers, they are held in such abhorrence, that no true Dutchman will admit them to his table who loves good fish and hates the devil."

Fort Lee is on the western shore and opposite to *Fort Washington*. To the small hamlet at the foot of the hill, a steamboat from the city plies several times a day. It is a great resort for families of children, who spend a few hours here in the healthy exercise of rambling over the hills. The site of the old fort was upon the bluff above, where commences the *Pallisade* range. It was hastily evacuated by its garrison after the fall of *Fort Washington*, and its artillery and stores fell into the hands of the British.

There is a good road from the shore to the top of the mountain, the only one to be found for several miles along the river, and extending to the town of *Hackensack*. Many persons prefer

this route to Passaic Falls, as it leads over a rich and interesting country, and avoids the tedious marshes filled with mosquitoes that we have to pass in going from Paulus Hook or Hoboken.

The Palisades, rising for the most part in a perpendicular wall to the height of five or six hundred feet, and extending to the Tappan sea, present some of the most wild and magnificent scenery on the river; soaring in all their nakedness and savage grandeur into the blue heavens, they contrast finely with the luxurious landscape on the opposite shore, and are a source of delight to the lovers of nature. A few miles back of this columnar wall, lies the fertile plain of Paramus, through which meander the Hackensack and Saddle rivers. It is a tract of several thousand acres, of surprising fertility, tilled like a garden by its Dutch proprietors. Around the old romantic looking church in the village of Paramus, were long clustered the tents of the American army in 1776.

The county of Bergen is almost exclusively Dutch in its population, and the farms have descended from sire to son since the days of Walter Van Twiller; their houses are generally of stone, one story high, with projecting eaves, and cover much ground. We seldom see here any of those tall and rickety shingle palaces that their eastern neighbours are so fond of erecting. The inhabitants are a frugal race, and by a long course of industry have become wealthy. Many an old stocking, if it could be brought forth from

its hiding place, would be found to contain good honest likenesses of the Spanish Charleses and Ferdinands.

Philipsburgh on the eastern shore, eighteen miles from the city, is a pretty little village, and was formerly a manor belonging to the family from whom it derives its name; the spire of its church, rising above the trees, and the fine old stone mansion surrounded by a grove of horse chestnuts, the residence of the early proprietors, are in view from the river.

The family of the Philipses, was one of the wealthiest in the then colony of New York, and like most of that class clung to the mother country in the struggle for independence. In consequence, this manor, almost equal to a German principality in extent, became confiscated, and since those days, has been divided and subdivided among many proprietors.

Greensburgh Landing, also a pretty village, looks out upon the Tappan sea, an expansion of the river, where, if we may credit the historian Knickerbocker, the early navigators made an invocation to Saint Nicholas, and took in sail, before encountering the perils of the passage. In the neighborhood is Sleepy Hollow, with its murmuring brook. It is a spot rendered famous for the woes and mishaps that in its precipitous fell upon the luckless head of Ichabod Crane, in his pursuit after the broad lands and blooming person of Katrina Van Tassel; for aught we know to the contrary, the headless horseman may still awake the sleepy echoes in his nocturnal ram-

bles ; but where is Brom Bones and his better half ?

“ They dwelt beside the waters
That bathe yon aged pine,
And round them grew their sons and daughters
Like wild grapes on the vine.”

They are there no longer. If Brom had been a Yankee, we should say he had placed his household wares in his wagon, perched Katrina and the children on the top, slung his kettles beneath, and trundled off to the far west to found a city among the Kickapoos or Potowatomies ; but Brom being a Dutchman, forbids the supposition : all we know is, that the historian of the doughty events we have alluded to, is now in possession of the Van Tassel house, and has modernized it ; no, that will not do, he has antiquated it until it looks like one of those quiet and cozy retreats that a traveller may have seen for the last five hundred years, looking out upon the great canal of Bruges. Instead of the festoons of dried apples and pumpkins that once adorned the outward walls, the rich creeper clings to the crevices, the fragrant honeysuckle clambers over the porch, and the flaunting rose and modest sweet-brier spring up and flourish and fade beneath the casements. Long may the worthy proprietor of this little paradise which his taste has embellished, live to enjoy it.

The tract of country extending along the river as far as the Highlands, (the fair county of West Chester,) during the revolutionary war lay between the outposts of the contending armies, and

was a scene of clustering woes to the peaceful inhabitants. It was alternately ravaged by skinners and cowboys, very Ishmaelites, whose hands were against every man, and every man's hand against them. Under the specious guise of patriotism or loyalty, they were scouring the country at all times and committing crimes of the most flagrant description, plundering, burning, and often murdering, and none to bring them to an account. Many of the most stirring scenes of Cooper's *Spy* are laid in this debateable land.

On a bright summer morning three young men, Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart started, armed on an expedition below. Near Tarry Town, as the day was growing warm, they secreted themselves under a hedge, and were engaged in the equivocal employment of playing at cards, when the tramp of a horse was heard, and a well-dressed man pursuing his way towards the city made his appearance. Springing from their covert they seized hold of the bridle and ordered him to dismount. It was Major André travelling under the name of Anderson, with a passport from Arnold, returning from his conference with the traitor. "We took him into the bushes," says Williams, "and ordered him to pull off his clothes, which he did; but on searching him narrowly we could not find any sort of writing. We told him to pull off his boots, which he seemed to be indifferent about, but we got one boot off and searched in that boot and could find nothing. But we found there were some papers in the bottom of his stocking

next to his feet, on which we made him pull off his stocking and found three papers wrapped up. Mr. Paulding looked at the contents, and said he was a spy. We then made him pull off his other boot, and there we found three more papers at the bottom of his foot within his stocking.

"Upon this we made him dress himself, and I asked him what he would give us to let him go. He said he would give us any sum of money. I asked him whether he would give us his horse, saddle, bridle, watch, and one hundred guineas. He said yes, and told us he would direct them to any place, even if it was that very spot, so that we could get them. I asked him whether he would not give us more. He said he would give us any quantity of dry goods, or any sum of money, and bring it to any place we might pitch upon, so that we might get it. Mr. Paulding answered, no; if you should give us ten thousand guineas, you should not stir one step. I then asked the person who called himself John Anderson, if he would not get away if it lay in his power. He answered Yes, I would. I told him I did not intend he should. While taking him along, we asked him a few questions, and we stopped under a shade,—he begged of us not to ask him, and said when he came to any commander he would reveal all.

"He was dressed in a blue over-coat and a tight body-coat that was of a kind of claret colour, though a rather deeper red than claret; the button holes were laced with gold tinsel, and the buttons drawn over with the same kind of lace.

He had on a round hat and a nankeen waistcoat, and breeches, with a flannel waistcoat and drawers, boots, and thread stockings."

The nearest military post was North Castle, where Lieutenant Col. Jamison was stationed, with a part of Shelton's regiment of dragoons. To that place it was resolved to take the prisoner, and within a few hours he was delivered up to Jamison, with all the papers that had been taken from his boots.

Jamison unaccountably allowed the prisoner to send a communication to Arnold, who, thus made aware of his danger, effected his escape to the sloop of war Vulture then lying off Teller's Point.

André, soon after his arrest, was carried across the river, where a court martial was convened, under La Fayette as president, for his trial. With a soldier's frankness he avowed his name and character, and was condemned as a spy, to suffer the ignominious death of the gibbet. The final scene was enacted on a hill back of the village of Tappan, and there his remains were interred, where they rested in peace until within a few years, when they were removed under the auspices of the British consul, and transferred to the mausoleum erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey.

Young, generous and brave, an inmate of Sir Henry Clinton's family, and beloved and honoured by his brother officers, his fate created a sensation throughout Britain and America that may be imagined—not described. Every effort that

could be devised was made by Clinton to avert it; but Washington, humane and benevolent as he is known to have been, believed that the stern dictates of justice and the good of his country required the sacrifice. During his confinement every indulgence consistent with his safe keeping was granted, and forms a striking contrast to the haste and malignity with which poor Hale was hurried to his doom, taken on Long Island under similar circumstances.

Whoever has read André's literary compositions, or his playful letters to his sisters, cannot but feel a warm interest in his memory, and regret that such a mind, in an unguarded moment, could descend so low as to act the odious part of a spy.

Arnold received, as the reward of his treachery, a handsome sum of money and a brigadier's commission, and as such commanded in two expeditions. One into Virginia, where he committed extensive ravages upon the sea coast,—the other into his native state, Connecticut, where he captured Fort Trumbull, burnt New London, and sent Col. Eyre, with a detachment, to the opposite side of the harbor, who took Fort Griswold, slaughtering the garrison long after it had ceased to resist. Arnold soon after returned to New York, where he was held in deserved contempt by the generous and honourable. After the war, he resided for some time in St. John's, New Brunswick, where he was engaged in trade. He died in Gloucester Place, London, in 1801.

Tappan is also remembered for the tragic fate:

that there befell Colonel Baylor's regiment.— They occupied a large barn in the village, and in the dead of night, and during their slumbers, through the negligence of an outpost, consisting of militia, and the capture of the patrol, were surprised and massacred without resistance by a British force, led on by General Grey, the no flint General, as he was termed, from his practice of withdrawing the flints from the guns of his soldiers and compelling them to resort to the bayonet alone.

Nyack and *Haverstraw*, backed by lofty hills, are old Dutch settlements, and have a pretty appearance, as seen from the river. To the north of Haverstraw, is Grassy Point, a level tract of land, lying at the foot of the hills, which here recede from the water. It is a rich and fertile plain and studded with many handsome residences, summer retreats for the citizens of New York.

Sing Sing, on the opposite shore, is a thriving village. The State Prison is located here, and looks more like some strong fortress than a receptacle for felons. It is a large building, four hundred and eighty feet in length, forty-four in width, five stories high, and contains one thousand solitary cells. It is built of white marble, which abounds in the neighbourhood, and from whence New York draws its supply for most of the ornamental buildings erected of late years. The prison grounds are one hundred and sixty acres, and the average number of prisoners incarcerated here, is about nine hundred. They

are mostly employed in getting out and dressing stone, which finds a ready sale, and the receipts from this source, and a few others of minor importance, have proved to be more than sufficient for the maintenance of the establishment.

Croton River, a clear and rapid stream flowing from the east, falls into the North River about two miles above Sing Sing prison. This stream is destined to supply New York with pure and wholesome water. In 1834, five Commissioners, styled the Water Commissioners, were appointed by the Governor and Senate to examine into the feasibility of the scheme; form an estimate of the cost, and report to the Common Council. Their report was accepted, and the whole subject referred to the people, who voted in the affirmative by a large majority, in the election of 1835. In consequence, the Commissioners, under the authority of the city government, issued proposals for a loan to carry it into effect, which was promptly subscribed, and the work is now in a course of completion.

The water will be taken from the Croton several miles from its mouth, and carried by means of a covered stone aqueduct, forty-one miles, to Murray's Hill, one mile and a half from the city, where a reservoir is to be constructed to receive it. The reservoir will be seven feet above the top of the highest building in the city, thus allowing sufficient head to force the water to any spot that it can be wanted in. From the reservoir, it will be carried through the different streets by the means of iron pipes. By the re-

port of the Commissioners, this magnificent work will cost, for the forty-one miles of aqueduct and reservoir, rising four millions of dollars, and for the iron pipes and placing them, one million and a half more. The length of pipe required for the numerous streets, is one hundred and sixty-seven miles, and the time taken for the completion of the whole, they conclude will be about five years.

Teller's Point juts out into the river from the mouth of the Croton, and separates Tappan sea from Haverstraw bay. The scenery, as seen from this neck of land, is superb, presenting an endless variety of the beautiful in nature. The country we pass is fertile, well cultivated, and adorned by the fine farms and dwellings of wealthy proprietors.

Stony Point, with its light-house, is now before us,—on it was a fortress of some celebrity in the revolutionary war. It was captured from the British by General Wayne, (mad Antony as he was called from his hair-brained valour) on the 15th day of July, 1779. He set out at the head of a detachment, and completed a march of about fourteen miles over bad roads by eight o'clock in the evening. The detachment then being within a mile and a half of its object, was halted and formed into columns. The general, with a few of his officers, advanced and reconnoitred the works. At half past eleven, the whole moved forward to the attack.

Wayne placed himself at the head of the right column, and gave the most pointed orders not

to fire, but to depend solely upon the bayonet. The two columns directed their attacks to opposite points of the works, while a detachment engaged the attention of the garrison by a feint in front. The approaches were more difficult than had been apprehended. The works were defended by a deep morass, which was also at that time overflowed by the tide. Neither the morass, the double row of abatis, nor the strength of the works damped the ardour of the assailants. In the face of a most tremendous fire of musketry, and of cannon loaded with grape shot, they forced their way at the point of the bayonet through every obstacle, until both columns met in the centre of the works at nearly the same instant. General Wayne, as he passed the last abatis, was wounded in the head by a musket ball; but, nevertheless, insisted on being carried forward, adding as a reason, that if he died he wished it might be in the fort.

The killed and wounded of the Americans amounted to ninety-eight; the killed of the garrison were sixty-three, and the number of prisoners, five hundred and forty-three.

Upon the capture of Stony Point the victors turned their artillery upon Verplank's Point and fired upon it with such effect that the shipping in its vicinity cut their cables and fell down the river.

As soon as the news of these events reached New York, preparations were immediately made to relieve the latter post, and to recover the former. It by no means accorded with the cau-

tious prudence of Washington to risk an engagement for either or both of them : he therefore removed the cannon and stores, destroyed the works, and evacuated the captured posts.— Sir Henry Clinton regained possession of Stony Point on the third day after its capture, and placed in it a strong garrison.

Verplank's Point is a superb spot, and embraces some of the most enchanting scenery on the river. It has recently been sold to a company, who are making an effort to build a town upon it.

Gibraltar, or *Caldwell's*, is the first landing made by the Albany steamboats in their upward passage. It is also the landing for *Peekskill*; there not being a sufficient depth of water in the bay for the boats to reach that town.

Peekskill, lying in the lap of the hills, is a picturesque looking town, and looks out upon the lofty *Dunderbergh* or *Thunder Mountain*. On the village green is shown the tree whereon *Palmer* was executed in 1779. He was a lieutenant in the 'Tory new levies, and was detected in the American camp. Governor *Tryon* reclaimed him as a British officer, threatening vengeance if he was not restored. General *Putnam* wrote the following laconic reply :

“ Sir, — *Nathan Palmer*, a lieutenant in your king's service, was taken in my camp as a spy ; he was tried as a spy, he was condemned as a spy, and he shall be hanged as a spy.

ISRAEL PUTNAM.

P. S.—Afternoon,—He is hanged.

The Highlands, the magnificent *Matewan* mountains of the Indians are now before us—they rise to the height of from twelve to fifteen hundred feet in bold and rocky precipices that would seem to defy the labour of man to surmount, and where the eagle builds her eyrie, and the hawk raises her callow brood, fearless of the stratagems of the spoiler. The mighty river, pent within a narrow channel, struggles around the base of the hills, and lying deep in the shadows of the mountains, often appears like some dark lake shut out from the world. Our country offers no scenes more grand and sublime, and we may well doubt whether the far-famed Rhine, the cherished theme of every European tourist, can exceed in those attributes the one we are now voyaging upon. There is here, it is true, no classic spot to recall the days of the *Cæsars*, “no castled crag of *Drachenfels*” encircled with its thousand years of romance, as on the German river; but to an American it is a land of enduring interest; every spot of this mountain pass, whereon man could gain a foot hold, is interwoven with the history of a struggle that gave birth to a mighty empire, and, in coming ages, may we not suppose that it will be looked upon with some such feeling of veneration as with which we of the present day now contemplate the pass of *Thermopylæ* or the plains of *Marathon*?

A short distance above *Peekskill*, the river takes an abrupt turn to the west, round the base of *St. Anthony’s nose*, a rocky mountain rising

abruptly from the water's edge, to the height of eleven hundred feet. The waters are here compressed by the rocks on one side, and by Salisbury Island on the other, into a narrow channel, causing them to rush past with great velocity, and have received from the boatmen on the river the name of the Horse race.

Fort Montgomery lies opposite to *St. Anthony's Nose*. It was captured by *Sir Henry Clinton*, in 1779, who marched his troops by a long and harassing route over the mountains, and made the attack on the landward side, where the defences were weak. The attack having been made in the night, *General George Clinton* and the garrison succeeded in making their escape, aided by the darkness. At this spot a boom and chain were carried across the river by the Americans, which were finally forced by the British; a portion of the chain was recovered a few years since by some workmen who were employed in raising a sunken vessel. Back of the old fort, rises the *Bare Mountain*, thirteen hundred and fifty feet in height. The inhabitants of the present hamlet of *Fort Montgomery* derive a support by cutting firewood on the hills, and carrying it to the *New York market*.

Buttermilk Falls are so called from the white and frothy appearance of the water as it leaps from rock to rock, in a descent of some hundred feet. At the mouth of the stream, are large flouring mills, and on the opposite shore is the *Beverly House*, where *Arnold* met the emissaries of *Clinton*, and concocted his treasonable plans.

West Point, with its military school and barracks, and the ruins of Fort Putnam, are now in view. After the fall of Fort Montgomery, Washington ordered Gen. Putnam to select a suitable site in the neighbourhood, whereon to erect another fort, and to him the honour is due of choosing West Point. Fort Putnam, standing several hundred feet above the river, is a fine old ruin, and will ever be remembered as one on the fate of which, more than any other in the land, hung the destinies of America. British force and a traitor's wiles were exerted against it in vain, and in days of despondency and gloom, it was long the rallying point of our fathers.

The founding of a military school was brought before Congress by President Washington, but it was not until 1802 that the present one came into operation. Since then, notwithstanding a strenuous opposition from many members of Congress, who look upon the institution as an exclusive and anti-republican one, it has steadily increased its sphere of action, and furnished from the ranks of the cadets, a corps of well-educated officers for the army.

The site of the academy, barracks, offices, and dwellings for the professors and their families, is upon a level tract, lying about fifty feet above the river, and extending back about a quarter of a mile to the foot of the mountains. From this plateau are seen the spurs of the mountain ranges hanging over the river in bold and precipitous bluffs, rising oftentimes to the height of twelve

and fifteen hundred feet, and clothed with foliage to their very summits; while the dark stream lying far below, rolls its deep waters amid sun and shadow, twisting and turning round the rocky headlands, as if eager to escape from its thralldom.. There are no scenes in our land more magnificent than those we are now contemplating, and the pencil of the painter and the burin of the engraver have long made them familiar to thousands in distant climes.

Few tourists for pleasure neglect a visit to West Point: its sublime scenery, its military school, its sheltered walks, its monuments, its rich band of music, with its echoes reverberating from the hills, the summer encampment of the cadets, the historical reminiscences that cling around it—all combine to render it a place of absorbing interest.

There is a story told of a soldier of Fort Putnam, exemplifying the effects of fear upon the human frame in a remarkable manner. In the neighbourhood, on the face of one of the precipitous cliffs, an eagle had built her nest, and a party from the garrison undertook to rob her of her young. To effect, it they suspended a comrade, from the top of the rock, by a rope tied about his waist, lowering him down until he came within reach of the prize. While thus hanging in mid-air, the mother bird, in defence of her brood, made a furious attack upon him, and he, to defend himself, used his hanger: making an unlucky stroke, he severed two out of three of the strands of the rope by which he was suspended,

and the remaining one began rapidly to untwist : in this horrible situation, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces, and wild with terror, he called lustily upon his comrades for succour. They had barely time to haul him in over the precipice ere it had been too late. The excessive agony of fear he had endured, caused his hair to change from a dark colour to a pure white, in less than twenty-four hours.

This, to some, may appear an improbable tale ; but we believe there are several well-attested incidents of the kind upon record : Byron alludes to such an one in the opening of his poem, the *Prisoners of Chillon*—

“ My hair is gray, but not with years,
Nor grew it white in a single night ;
As men’s have done from sudden fears,
But mine has been a dungeon’s spoil.”

Opposite to West Point is the Sugarloaf, a singularly shaped mountain, rising to a great height ; and two or three miles to the north is Cold Spring, a town situated at the foot of the hills, and celebrated for its iron foundries. To accommodate the workmen, a small Catholic chapel, of classic proportions, dedicated to Our Lady of Cold Spring, has been erected in a romantic situation upon the river, and shows prettily from the water.

Fronting the chapel, on the west shore, is the Crow’s Nest, and to the north is Butter Hill, the highest mountain in the range. On the opposite shore are Bull Hill and Breakneck Hill, also

mountains of great elevation. Bull Hill, as seen from a particular situation, shows the profile of a man's face, and is generally pointed out to the traveller as St. Anthony's Nose; but, like Tassoni's bucket, "It is not the true one." The last named hills terminate the range upon the river.

From geological appearances, there is reason to believe, that the giant ramparts we are leaving, were in some age of the world, the southern barrier of a lake, enclosed to the west by the Shawagunk and Catskill mountains, and to the east by the Fishkill and other high ranges, and extending over most of the river counties; and that some convulsion of nature has torn the rocks asunder, and allowed the imprisoned waters to escape.

Cornwall and Canterbury break upon the view as we round Butter Hill, and are outlets for the produce of a rich farming country to the west of them.

New Windsor lies about half way between the last named town and Newburgh. To these three towns steamboats ply regularly, and carry large quantities of fruit and vegetables to the city.

Newburgh, sixty miles from New York, stands upon the side of a steep hill, and, seen at a distance, has a very imposing appearance—a beautiful object in the landscape. It is the county town of Orange, and has a population of about seven thousand inhabitants. From it extends the main road to the southwestern tier of counties in the State, and across the Delaware and

Susquehanna rivers into Pennsylvania; it is therefore a great thoroughfare for travellers, and much bustle is manifest whenever one of the North River line of steamboats touches the wharf. Orange county is a fine agricultural district, and celebrated for the product of its dairies. In it is the township of Goshen, and, like the tract of the same name granted by the Egyptian Pharaoh to the Jewish patriarch, is a land flowing with milk and honey. There are few housewives in New York unacquainted with the merits of Goshen butter. Newburgh is an old town, having been founded in 1708. On the hill in the southern suburb is the Hasbrouck House, the headquarters of General Washington, while the army lay encamped in the vicinity: it stands unaltered, and Lafayette, when last in America, paid it a visit, and expressed the satisfaction he felt in once more treading the well-known rooms, endeared to him by the recollection of happy hours spent in the company of the father of his country. May no rude Vandal destroy this relic of other days.

At Newburgh a spirit of insubordination manifested itself at the close of the war, among the officers of the army, who felt themselves aggrieved by the neglect of Congress to satisfy their claims upon the country. Inflamed by the celebrated Newburgh letters, a large portion were for taking redress into their own hands, and at one time a civil war was to be apprehended, but the persuasive powers and character of Washington averted the storm, and thus added

another laurel to the brow of the veteran. Much might be said in extenuation of the conduct of those men; they had served long and faithfully, had been paid in a depreciated currency, arrears were due them that Congress, in the impoverished state of the country, found it impossible to liquidate, and they were now about to be disbanded, with no provision made for their comfort, by the land for which they had bled and suffered; many of them too with shattered, constitutions, and all more or less unfitted by habits acquired in a camp, to grapple with the ills of poverty. The wonder is that they so soon could be induced to sink the soldier into the suffering citizen.

Fishkill Landing, in Dutchess county, lies opposite to Newburgh, and to which a steam ferry-boat plies regularly. On the Fishkill creek are the manufacturing towns of Mattewan and Glenham, where large quantities of machinery, and cotton and woollen goods, are manufactured for the New York market. Near them is Beacon hill, seventeen hundred feet high and overlooking a large extent of country, embracing the Highlands, the Shawagunk mountains, and a distant view of the Kaatsbergs, a spur of the great Alleghany chain. During the revolution, fires were lighted upon the summit of Beacon hill to give warning of the approach of danger, and hence the origin of the name.

Marlborough and *Milton*, on the west shore, and *Hamburgh* and *Barneгат*, on the eastern, are small hamlets, and drive a large business in lime.

The kilns are on the shore, and in the night have a singular appearance, looking volcano like. The country is a rural and picturesque one, and adorned with many fine villages and farms.

Poughkeepsie, the county town of Dutchess, is a thriving place, and largely embarked in manufacturing and the whale fisheries. It has a collegiate institute situated upon the hill to the north, many churches and public buildings, several banks, and a population of eight or ten thousand. There are few streets any where to be found that present a more business like aspect than does Main street, extending from the river to the eastern suburbs. Many of the private dwellings are tasteful and ornamental, and the society of the place is considered fully equal to that of towns of a much more aspiring character.

Dutchess is perhaps the richest agricultural district in the state, and presents every variety of soil and surface. Its eastern part is much broken by the Fishkill mountains; but there are many lovely valleys among them of surprising fertility, and the views from some of the summits present pictures of beauty that a painter would love to study. A portion of the Housatonic, as seen from the hills in Dover, cannot be surpassed in bold and beautiful scenery.

New Paltz, in the county of Ulster, lies opposite to Poughkeepsie. The name of the county was given in honour of the proprietor, James Duke of York, Albany, and Ulster. It is a mountainous region, and the inhabitants of the interior are mostly descendants of the Dutch.

Hyde Park Landing is six miles above Poughkeepsie. The country for two or three miles along the river also bears the same name, given to it, we presume, in honour of the Lady Anne Hyde, Dutchess of York, and afterward Queen of England. Hyde Park is a lovely spot, embellished by nature and art, and looks forth gloriously upon the bright waters, the green hills of Ulster and the towering summits of the Kaatsbergs. It is a highly fashionable resort from the bustle and heat of the city, and the mansions scattered along the bank (among which may be mentioned the late Judge Pendleton's and Dr. Hosack's), surrounded by extensive parks and noble forest trees, have as aristocratic an appearance as any in the land. The bank for several miles above, presents the same rich cultivated prospect, and is dotted with white cottages peeping forth from their leafy coverts, or through the long green avenues that lead to the water's edge.

Kingston or Esopus, on the eastern shore, is an old settlement and was burnt by Admiral Wallace and Sir James Vaughan, in 1776, when they attempted to create a diversion from the the northern army in favour of Burgoyne. Near this town, the Delaware and Hudson canal falls into the river, and leads to the coal regions of Pennsylvania.

The Delaware and Hudson canal was incorporated in 1823, with a capital of fifteen hundred thousand dollars, five hundred thousand to be employed in banking in the city of New York. The construction of this work cost much more

than the original estimate, and on the application of the directors to the legislature, the credit of the state was loaned to them to the amount of eight hundred thousand dollars. This enabled them to complete the work, which is one hundred and nine miles long, terminating at Honesdale, in Wayne county, Pennsylvania,—from thence there is a railroad sixteen miles to Carbondale, in Luzerne county. The summit level is between five and six hundred feet above the tide water, and is overcome by sixty-one locks of hammered stone, and thirteen constructed of timber. There are two aqueducts, one over the Rondout entirely of stone, resting upon two arches of fifty and sixty feet span. This canal is a work of great magnitude, and runs through a wild and mountainous region.

Staatsburg and *Rhinebeck* are old German settlements, and are mentioned in the histories of the province as early as 1650.

The soil for the next twenty miles of the eastern shore, is principally in the possession of the Livingston family or their descendants, and their mansions line the bank for most of the distance.

The ancestor of the American branch of the Livingstons was (according to Watson) of Scotch extraction, and one of the persecuted sect called Brownists that emigrated to Holland, from thence he came to the New Netherlands, and was secretary to the Dutch government and a man of influence. His family settled near where now stands the city of Hudson, and ac-

quired or purchased the manor that bears his name. Robert Livingston, his descendant, took up in 1752, three hundred thousand acres of forest land, extending from Esopus to the Delaware river, and proposed to rent it out for ever, at the rate of fifty bushels of wheat for every one hundred acres.

The family of the Livingstons are still wealthy and respected; many of its sons have evinced talents of the first order, among whom may be named the late chancellor, whose purse and counsel enabled Fulton to perfect his mighty invention of navigating by steam, and the late Edward Livingston, the accomplished diplomatist and jurist, whose code of laws drawn up by direction of the state government of Louisiana, has gained him the applause of the civilized world. In the annals of Scotland, the name of Livingstone (the American family appear to have dropped the final e) is one of honour, and has been borne in early days by many of her proudest nobles. The Livingston manor house is still in being, and is about six miles below Hudson, and in view of the river.

The upper and lower Red Hooks, are landings for the towns of Red Hook, Clermont, and Johnstown; they lie upon the Albany post road that here runs two or three miles inland.

Opposite to the northern point of Magdalen Island, situated about midway between the two landings, is the mansion that was formerly the residence of General Montgomery, who married into the Livingston family, and fell in the memo-

nable attack upon Quebec, in 1775. His remains were removed from thence within a late period by direction of the State government, and reinterred below the monument, previously erected to his memory by Congress, in St. Paul's church yard, New York.

Glasgow, Saugerties, and Bristol, are three villages on the west shore, and situated within a short distance from each other, on a slope of land rising gradually from the water's edge. The country is an undulating one, until it reaches the base of the Kaatskill mountains. Saugerties is a manufacturing town, having within it extensive foundries and paper mills.

Catskill we get but a partial glimpse of in passing. It is a flourishing town, with two banks, several churches, a population of five thousand, and is a place of considerable business. Green county is celebrated for its extensive tanneries. It is generally too mountainous for agriculture, but many of its valleys are rich in pasturage, and well adapted to the raising of stock.

The Kaatsbergs or Catskill mountains, traversing the county of Green, and swelling away to the west, with their blue outlines boldly painted against the sky, are now the prominent objects that arrest the eye of the traveller. Till recently they were believed to be the highest range in the State, but late observations have proved that several peaks rising around the head waters of the North River, in Franklin county, exceed them in altitude. The Round Top, the highest point of the Catskill, is 3804 feet above

tide water, and the Mountain-house is about three thousand feet. The road to this deservedly fashionable resort, for the first half of the distance is moderately ascending, the remaining half steep and toilsome, but safe. The house; built a few years since by an association of gentlemen at Catskill, stands upon a platform of a few acres of rock, and looks down from its airy height, upon one of the most enchanting and lovely landscapes imaginable. The rougher forms of nature are lost in the distance. The country looks like a garden, adorned with shrubbery and hedgerows; the river, like a blue ribband upon a field of emerald, and the villas and towns upon its borders, and the white sails upon its bosom diminished into fairy looking objects. Far away stretch the rich counties of Columbia, Rensselaer, and Dutchess, with the high hills of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the green mountains of Vermont, melting into azure. It is a scene not often met with in this every-day world, and well repays the time and toil expended in reaching it.

In the hot months of July and August, we may here enjoy the bracing air of the mountains, the cool and shady walks among the musical pines, the morning scramble over rock and dell, to the romantic fall of the Kauterskill, and it will fare hard with us if they do not impart

'Health to the mind and vigour to the limb.'

Seated on the piazza of the Mountain-house, we may often witness a sea of clouds shutting out the landscape below, and hear the deep

thunder and see the forked lightning, while above and around are the blue sky and the clear sunshine; but it is not always so; at times, the tempest howls and sweeps around the lofty peaks as if in madness. There is a grandeur and sublimity about mountain storms, that the inhabitants of the plain have but little conception of.

It was our fortune some years since, to be detained for some hours in the observatory on the hill at Hudson, waiting for the Albany boat that was to convey us to New York, and which we afterward ascertained had been aground on the overslaugh. In the time, a heavy cloud, black as Erebus, arose in the west, gradually overspreading the lofty mountains, imparting to them its inky hue, throwing them forward in bold relief, and depicting every line, and curve, and form, with wonderful exactness, while the lightning played about their summits, and the "live thunder" rolled and reverberated among their solitudes, peak answering unto peak, in sounds that made the earth to tremble, it brought forcibly to our recollection the glowing description of a similar scene among the Alps, in Byron's *Childe Harold*. Never has it been in our power to witness another such a war of elements, and if any of our readers are desirous of beholding a mountain storm in all its grandeur, we should advise them to select the observatory at Hudson as a spot from whence they might probably be gratified.

It is among those wild mountains, a fitting

stage for scenes of diablerie and wonder, that Irving has laid his inimitable tale of Rip Van Winkle; and it is only in such a region, with the grand and terrible around you, that it can be read with the most zest: seated upon a lonely rock in some dark dell, you become imbued with the spirit of its conceptions, and at every rustling sound turn round in expectation of meeting the little Dutchman with his wonderful keg of liquor, or of seeing the silent group bowling away at their nine pins.

It is in mountainous regions that the mind is most prone to give credence to supernatural agency. In the Highlands of Scotland, the mountains of Wales, the gloomy Haarsbergs of Germany, we still see the strong man crouch before the spectres of an ideal creation; nor is this to be marvelled at. In the words of an admired author,

“Walk by yourself over wide black moors, through the driving mists—come suddenly on lonesome and roaring waterfalls—sit by the dashing waves of dreary lakes—lose yourself for a wild and stormy day in a savage glen, or a dark pine forest—scale the mountains in company with the sunbeams, the shadows, the clouds, and the red deer—sleep all night by yourself in some shieling, or in the hut of a solitary herdsman—become a man of the mountains—let your eyes be fed on their colours, and your ears filled with their music—till heart, soul, imagination, life, are all melted into and interfused with the awful shapes, hues, and sounds of the earth you

tread, and of the heavens that overshadow you, and you will then know the force and meaning of the word *superstition*, and start in those sublime solitudes to think how darkly and how obscurely meet the boundaries of truth and illusion, and how mingled is the long tumultuous array of real forms and imaginary phantoms.

Hudson is an incorporated city, governed by a mayor and court of aldermen, and has a population of about six thousand. Its site is a beautiful one, overlooking an extensive reach of the river and the town of *Athens*, on the opposite shore, the view bounded to the west by the noble *Kaatskills*. About forty years since, a number of families from *Nantucket* adopted it as a suitable location from whence to carry on the whale fisheries. For a time, the town and the fisheries flourished; but embargoes, non-intercourse, and the ferocious wars of Europe, swept their fleets from the ocean, and *Hudson* seemed doomed to a premature decay. But better times have dawned, manufactures sprung up, whaling companies have been chartered, and again is heard in her streets the hum of industry, and the bustle inseparable from commercial pursuits. It has, or had lately, about a dozen ships engaged in whaling, the aggregate tonnage of which was about four thousand, and manned by three hundred and fifty seamen, the sons of the hardy yeomanry in the neighbourhood. They receive no stipulated wages, but a per centage of the oil taken, thus becoming adventurers and interested in a proportionable ratio in the success of the voyage.

From Hudson is the direct road, leading through a rich and beautiful country, to the mineral springs of New Lebanon. The Lebanon Spring is situated on the side of a high hill, and is a copious one, discharging twenty barrels a minute. The temperature of the water is 73° of Fahrenheit, and differs in taste but little, except in its tepid quality, from the mountain springs in the neighbourhood. It is considered useful in cutaneous affections, and sometimes acts as a cathartic; but is far behind, in medicinal qualities, the Hygeian fountains of Saratoga. In surrounding scenery, it is every way superior.

There are few spots that combine the grand and beautiful in a greater degree than does the basin of New Lebanon. Shut out from the world, by an amphitheatre of mountains, their beautiful slopes covered with verdure, and the air pure and delicious, it is a most delightful and healthy retreat for the invalid, the lover of nature, or the man of leisure. The rides in the vicinity, to the Shakertown, to Stockbridge, (the residence of Miss Sedgwick,) to Lenox, one of the most beautiful villages in New England—all comprise scenery of unsurpassed richness and variety. But whither are we wandering.

Athens is a town on the western shore opposite Hudson. Its situation is low, and there is little about it requiring comment. In its southern environs are two or three handsome private residences. Three miles above Athens, and one hundred

and twenty from New-York, is the termination of ship navigation. The remaining portion of the river is filled with islands and shoals, allowing the passage of vessels of but small draft of water. At this point fall in the united creeks of Claverack and Kinderhook. On the former, are some of the most extensive works for the printing of calico upon this side of the Atlantic.

Kinderhook landing, on the eastern shore, is our next stopping place. (The town, a short distance inland, will be noted, as the birth-place of President Van Buren) It is an old settlement, and honourably mentioned by Joost Hartgers, in 1650, and by Vanderdonk, in 1656.

This town, and many neighbouring ones, suffered much about the middle of the last century, from Indian depredations. There is a letter now before us depicting the dangers and difficulties the inhabitants underwent, an extract from which may not be altogether uninteresting.

“*Albany, May 5th, 1746.*”

“Every letter you will receive from me this summer, I fear, will be filled with shocking accounts of burnings and murders committed by the Indians. A day or two ago, we heard from Kinderhook, a place twenty miles south of this city, that the Indians had burnt the houses and barns of Tunis Van Slyck and Peter Vosburgh, and killed their cattle; but happily those families had removed that day into a small fort which is built in the neighbourhood, at their own expense, without the least assistance from the public that ever I heard.”

Some years later, near the close of the French war, a body of Indians burst into the settlement and massacred many of the inhabitants. It is not probable that those depredators belonged to the neighbouring tribes, but a war party from Canada or the borders of Lake Ontario, instigated to those deeds by their French allies. The peace of 1765, removed, by the surrender of Canada to the British crown; all danger to the river settlements, and we hear no farther of Indian depredations in that quarter.

Cozackie, New Baltimore, and Coeymans, are small towns upon the western shore, outlets for the products of the farming districts in their neighbourhood. They also supply New-York with large quantities of superior stone flagging for its side-walks, and employ in one way or another, many sail of river craft, a class of vessels celebrated for their symetry and beauty, and which are fast disappearing, and giving place to the more profitable, but unsightly tow-boats—Coeymans, pronounced Quemans, is the title given to a large tract or patent of land, granted by the colonial government to a person of that name.

The river has now lost its character for boldness flowing smoothly between low islands and banks gradually ascending into the interior, and presenting many soft and picturesque views.

Schodack and Castleton are villages on the eastern shore, with but little about them to interest the passing traveller. Above them commence the Overslaugh bars, which are deposits of sand continually shifting, brought down by

the spring floods, and are a serious impediment to navigation. Much labour and money have been expended to obviate the difficulty with but partial success. The general government have now undertaken the business, and are constructing long moles and piers to contract the width of the channel, when it is supposed the increased rapidity of the current will prevent the accumulation of deposits.

Castle Island, a long low island, a short distance below Albany, is memorable as the first settlement of Europeans on the upper parts of the river. The skippers, Blok and Christiance, built a block-house here, in 1614, for the purpose of Indian trade, choosing it for its isolated position, and as one not likely to be taken by surprise, but in the sequel they found an enemy to contend with that never entered into their calculations. The spring freshet brought down torrents of water, overflowing the island, and drowning them out as effectually as we now and then see a colony of water rats routed from their settlements, under similar circumstances.

Their next location was at the mouth of Normanskill, where they continued trading with the natives, until the founding of Fort Orange, in 1623, on the site of the city of Albany, when the Dutch West India Company took the Indian trade into their own hands.

Greene Bush is a beautiful bank, with many pretty dwellings upon it, summer residences of wealthy Albanians. The one owned by Citizen Genet, formerly minister of the French republic

near our government, may be mentioned as one of the number. In times of great political excitement, the officious meddling of this gentleman and his successor in office, with our domestic affairs, gave great umbrage to the constituted authorities, and was one of the principal causes of the war that ensued with France.

During the late war with England, this town was a great depot for troops destined for the Canada frontiers, and there are still standing extensive barracks belonging to the general government.

Albany, as seen from Greenbush, has an imposing appearance. It rises rapidly from the river, and the heights, crowned by the principal public buildings, give it quite an air of magnificence.

It was founded by the Dutch in 1623, who gave it the name of Beaverwyck. The Indians called it Schenectadea, which signified in their language the end of the pine-woods. The name has been transferred, with but little variation in the orthography, to a town fifteen miles to the westward, where the pine barrens that commence at Albany, terminate in the valley of the Mohawk.

The fort at Beaverwyck was called Orange, in honour of the Stadtholder, and was probably a small stockadoed affair, for we find a complaint made by the commander to Governor Stuyvesant, that it was in a miserable state of decay, and the hogs had destroyed a portion of it. Its armament consisted of eight stone pieces,

so called from their throwing stone, instead of iron ball. They were formed of iron bars, laid longitudinally and bound with hoops of the same metal.

The town bore the nickname of De Fuyck, the title of a peculiar kind of fishing net, fashioned after the mystery of an eel-pot, and still much in use upon the river, and in all genuine Dutch settlements. It is a long net, extended upon hoops, with a funnel-shaped orifice at one end, and is placed in an opening made for the purpose in a tight brush fence, carried out some distance into the stream. The fish, not able to force their way through the fence, take the course apparently open, and are thus snugly caged. The term, no doubt, was given in derision of the grasping propensities of the Beaverwyckers, who felt an extreme reluctance in allowing any one to pass their net, or to participate in the profits of the Indian trade.

This trade was guarded with the utmost vigilance by the authorities, and many penal laws were enacted to secure the monopoly of it. By an ordinance, passed in 1689, it was declared, "That if any one without previous license should sell any gunpowder to the Indians, he should suffer death, and the informer was to receive fifty guilders." In 1638, to prevent strangers from embarking in the Indian trade, without the knowledge of the magistrates, the following order was issued by the Governor and placarded in New Amsterdam:

"All persons are hereby notified, that hence-

forth, until further orders, on every Monday, two jachts or barges may start from here to Fort Orange, with privilege to take together, or one by one, not more than six passengers, who shall receive due certificates for the purpose, and the skippers and passengers may pursue their journey, having such passports, and which shall be given them by the honourable Arent Van Hattem and William Beekman, at the office of Jan de Yonge, on Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock precisely.

(Signed) *Arent Van Hattem,*
P. L. Vandergrist,
William Beekman,
Johannis Willem Van Bruggen.

The Beaverwyckers received this order in high dudgeon, seized and dismantled the vessel that brought it, and attempted to inflict a summary chastisement upon the skipper, who fortunately escaped out of their hands. After a smart encounter with the soldiers of the fort, order was at length restored, and the vessel recaptured and sent back to New-York.

The choleric Stuyvesant on receiving the intelligence was mightily enraged. He called his council together, and declared that if ever the Beaverwyckers should repeat the offence he would put them out of his protection, and they should never have another domine sloop or soldier from him. The absence of the latter would probably not have been regretted by the inhabitants.

According to Dr. Eights (from whose little work entitled "Reminiscences of Albany" we draw a number of our facts), the government of the town was vested in three commissioners appointed by the governor, who exercised their delegated authority as despotically as do eastern princes. They imposed heavy penalties for infractions of the laws of trade, (and in consequence ruined many families, who were obliged to retire to the Schenectady flats, where they intercepted a considerable portion of the furs on their way to Beaverwyck, and occasioned for years the most bitter animosities between the two places.) They granted licenses or refused permission as they thought proper, to build houses, carry on trade, buy and sell, to establish manufactories, stores, shops, taverns, &c. They inflicted torture to extort confession of crime, and in short there was no limit to their power. The fines and forfeitures imposed by this junta were distributed in this singular manner, one third to the church, one third to the public, and one third to the attorney general. This gentleman's office in those days must have been a snug one.

There are many wealthy families in Albany descendants of the first settlers and among them stand pre-eminent that of Van Rensselaer. The Dutch West India Company, to induce men of substance to settle in the colony, offered to those who should take out with them as settlers fifty persons above the age of twenty-one years, a free passage in their ships and a grant of land

extending four miles upon the river and as far back as desired. Gillian Van Rensselaer, a merchant of Amsterdam, was the first that availed himself of the offer, and thus became possessed of the immense possessions that have descended unbroken into the hands of the Patroon General Stephen Van Rensselaer.

The old manor house was built upon an island in the river, and it, with the settlements clustered around, went by the name of Rensselaerwyck. There are, we believe, no remains left of the early home of the family, but in former days the skippers upon the river were obliged to pay due honours, by vailing their peaks, on passing the residence of the American noble.

This deference was highly unpalatable to governor Stuyvesant, who wished to centre all the honours of the New Netherlands upon his own person, and he stoutly forbade the practice.— But the agent of Van Rensselaer, Brante Arantse Van Slichtenhorst, claiming absolute authority over the manor, as stontly insisted upon the performance of homage. He also claimed a portion of Beaverwyck, as lying within his territorial limits; built a fort on Beeren Island, and fired upon the company's sloops who refused to veil their peaks as formerly. This was too much for the stomach of the fiery Stuyvesant to digest, and an angry war of protests and manifestoes ensued. But the governor at last prevailed; he entrapped the contemner of his authority, and notwithstanding his humble petitions for release, shipped him off in the first government vessel that sailed for the Faderland.

Van Sliechtenhorst was not the only person sent out of the colony by the *sic volo* of the governor. In 1654, Jan E. Bont, for the monstrous crime of refusing the office of a commissary of Beaverwyck, was ordered to hold himself in readiness to leave the country by the next ship, called the *King Solomon*, and was packed off accordingly, and in 1658 it was decreed by the governor and council, "that for the honour of God" and probably for holding opinions not sanctioned by the synod of Dort, the Rev. Johannis Erasmus Gottewater, a Lutheran minister, should leave the colony forthwith. As for the Quakers, they received no mercy, being looked upon as a set of obstinate and pestilent heretics. John Bowne, from Flushing, on Long Island, the ancestor of the respectable family of that name, was one of the sect, and made his appearance in the streets of New Amsterdam, in opposition to the decrees of the governor. For this he was seized, whipped, and thrown into prison, where he would have lain until he had died, had not the governor's sister, moved by compassion, exerted her influence over her self-willed brother and procured his release.

Yet Stuyvesant had many sterling qualities. He was chivalrous, brave, and patriotic. His feelings were probably more to be ascribed to the spirit of the age and the difficulties in which he was placed, than to a bad disposition. His memory is still held in veneration by the Dutch population. There is a fine picture of him done

in Holland to be seen in the mansion of his descendant in New York.

Notwithstanding the inordinate love of gain manifested by the inhabitants of Beaverwyck, there was a regard evinced for the observances of religion. Many ordinances were passed for its advancement, and in the spirit of the times, often tyrannical in their requirements, and droll in their provisions. One regulation declares that "no beer shall be bought, drank, or sold on Sunday after the bell has tolled for church," impliedly allowing it before.

There is a lease extant of the old maize lands of Catskill, from the director of ~~Kensselaer~~wyck, requiring "the tenant to read a sermon, or a portion of the scriptures, every Sunday, and high festival, to the Christians in the neighbourhood, and sing one or more psalms before and after prayers, agreeably to the custom of the Church of Holland.

Regular ministers were sent out from Holland, and about the year 1650, the West India Company wrote a letter, stating that they would soon send a bell and pulpit for the inhabitants of Fort Orange, and of the village of Beaverwyck, for their newly constructed little church.

Many of the habits of the New Netherlanders were highly praiseworthy; they were social and hospitable; enemies to show or extravagance, and utterly eschewed all uncleanness; a speck of dirt upon the well-polished floors in their kitchens, or on their utensils, was sure to draw forth the ire of a good wrow of New Amsterdam

or Beaverwyck. They were true daughters of the mothers of Haerlem and Rotterdam, of one of whom Sir William Temple gives the following anecdote :

“Dining one day at Monsieur Hoefft’s, and having a great cold, I observed every time I spit a tight handsome wench that stood in the room, with a clean cloth in her hand, was presently down to wipe it up and rub the board clean. Somebody at table speaking of my cold, I said the most trouble it gave me was to see the poor wench take so much pains about it. Monsieur Hoefft told me ’twas well I escaped so, and that if his wife had been at home, though I were an Ambassador, she would have turned me out of doors for fouling her house.”—Temple’s works, vol. I. p. 472.

If we have treated somewhat largely upon the foibles of our Dutch ancestors, we will make amends by inserting a tribute paid to their worth by Denton, a traveller who published his views on the state of the province, in 1702, a time when the English were but a small minority.

“I must needs say that if there be a terrestrial Canaan, ’tis surely here. The inhabitants are blest with peace and plenty, blessed in their country, blessed in the fruit of their bodies, and in the fruit of their ground, blessed in basket and in store, in a word blessed in whatever they take in hand or go about, the earth yielding them plentiful increase to all their painful labour; were it not to avoid prolixity, I could say a great deal more, and yet say too little to show how

free, are these parts of the world from that pride and oppression, with their miserable effects, which many, nay, almost all parts of the world are troubled with. There a wagon or a cart gives as good content as a coach, and a piece of their home-made cloth, better than the finest lawns or richest silks; and though their low-roofed cots may seem to shut their doors against pride and luxury, yet how do they stand wide open to let charity in and out, either to assist each other or to relieve a stranger; and the distance of place from other nations doth secure them from the frowns of ill-affected neighbours, and the troubles which usually arise thence."—Denton, 19, 20.

There are few remains of ancient Beaverwyck now to be met with: here and there a solitary house, built of Holland brick, with its high-peaked roof, and turreted gable turned to the street, meets the eye of the stranger; but the innovator, Time, will soon lay his hand upon those relics of other days, and the aspiring sons of simple-hearted sires, erect gorgeous palaces, and towering warehouses upon the ruins.

When the New Netherlands passed under the yoke of the English, the authorities, in that spirit of adulation and subserviency so characteristic of the age, abrogated the names of Beaverwyck and Fort Orange, and adopted in their stead the second honorary title of the Duke,—that of Albany.

Albany, though never captured or besieged by an enemy, has seen more of the "pomp and circumstance" attending upon war, than any other

town in our country. In the middle of the last century, northern and western New York was the arena on which was decided the quarrels of Europe, and immense armies were gathered, far surpassing in number of combatants, any that have since been mustered on this side of the Atlantic.

In 1755 were assembled at Albany a force of five thousand men under General Johnson, to which were added a large body of Mohawk Indians, under their chief Hendricks. This army marched by the way of Lake George to attack the French fortress of Crown Point.

In the mean time the Baron Dieskau, with two thousand men, and their Indian allies on their route from Montreal to besiege Fort Edward, met the forces under Johnson, and a sanguinary battle ensued, which resulted in the defeat of the French, with the loss of seven hundred killed, and three hundred made prisoners. Among the former was the Baron; wounded in the leg, he was found leaning against a tree, and began to feel for his watch, in order to deliver it up to the soldier who was approaching him; but the soldier, supposing him to be feeling for a pistol, unhappily fired a charge into his hips, which caused his death.

The loss of the English was very severe, and among those that fell were Col. Williams and the Mohawk chief, Hendricks, who had long been known as the unwavering friend of the Colonists.

In 1757 the Marquis de Montcalm concentra-

ted the French forces at Ticonderoga, and then marched with nine thousand men to attack Fort William Henry. An army was mustered at Albany under General Webb for its relief, but that inefficient officer marched no farther than Fort Edward, and left it to its fate. It was defended with spirit by the garrison under Colonel Monroe, who solicited aid but in vain. On the sixth day of the siege it was obliged to surrender, and a capitulation was signed by which the garrison was to be allowed the honors of war, and from fear, on account of the Indians, an escort was to be allowed them to Fort Edward.

The savages, who had engaged to serve in the war under the promise of plunder were, irritated at the terms granted to the besieged, and soon began to rob the captives of their baggage. Monroe, feeling the horror of their situation, appealed to Montcalm for protection and the promised escort, but in vain. He then attempted to lead his defenceless and dispirited comrades on their route, when their savage and ferocious foes rushed upon them with uplifted tomahawks, and commenced an indiscriminate massacre. The sick, the wounded, the women and the children were murdered with all the aggravating circumstances that savage cruelty could suggest. A few of the strong and able bodied, rushed through their foes and made good their retreat to Fort Edward, but by far the larger number perished.

Montcalm soon after left the scene of his perfidy and returned to Ticonderoga. In the next

year he fell, as is well known, upon the plains of Abraham, while contesting the possession of Quebec with the English under Wolf.

Cooper has worked up the incidents connected with the tragedy of Fort William Henry, into one of his most interesting novels.

In 1758, General Abercrombie, with a force of sixteen thousand men, and a well-appointed train of artillery, marched from Albany to besiege Ticonderoga and Crown Point; and Albany, a few days after, saw this same army return, discomfited and dispirited. One of their most beloved generals, Lord Howe, (the father of the Howes, who figured in the war of Independence,) had fallen, and the hospitals were filled with sick and wounded soldiery.

In the next summer, General Lord Amherst, with a force outnumbering that of Abercrombie's, and a horde of Indian allies, left Albany for the same destination, but with better success. Ticonderoga and Crown Point were abandoned upon his approach, and the long harassed and bleeding frontiers were placed in a state of security.

In the revolutionary war, Albany was the gathering place of the troops of the confederacy, called together for the purpose of checking the advance of Burgoyne, and which resulted in his capture on the plains of Saratoga; and here too, in the last war with Britain, were mustered the troops destined for the Canada frontiers.

Modern Albany is a large and populous city, numbering forty-five thousand inhabitants, and

is the capital of the State, situated upon the side of a steep hill with the state-house upon the summit; its many public buildings, the spires and domes of its churches, and the villas in the environs, combine to give it an air of magnificence that is somewhat lost on a closer acquaintance. Many of the streets in the old part of the town are narrow, crooked, and uninviting, similar to most of those of Dutch origin. Of late years the great increase of population has caused a corresponding increase of streets and avenues, not liable to those objections, and we may anticipate the day when the city will rank among the beautiful of the land.

In the northern suburb of Albany, are the house and grounds of the patroon, General Stephen Van Rensselaer. They stand upon the level land by the river, and look down Market-street, which here terminates abruptly. The building is embowered in shrubbery, with green fields and rural scenes in the rear, and is a venerable looking pile, carrying conviction to the beholder, that it is no dwelling of a parvenue of the present hour.

There is no man more honoured and beloved, by his acquaintance, than the patroon. His mild and unassuming manners, his excellence in public and private life, his unostentatious benevolence, and his princely liberality, have endeared him to the Albanians, and reconciled them to that anomaly in our country, of vast possessions descending unbroken through a long line of ancestry.

Here, as is known, are the terminations of the Erie and Champlain canals; and the immense basin, filled with the unique and singular looking canal-boats, is an object of much interest. The pier forming the basin runs parallel with the city, and has a range of warehouses running through its centre; from this pier good and substantial bridges communicate with the town. This pier and the lower part of Albany are subject to inundations in the spring, when the swollen waters often rise ten or twelve feet in height, and have caused heavy losses in property exposed to their ravages. It may be asked, why has not the difficulty been obviated by increasing the height of the pier? We can only answer it by suggesting that the increased labour in loading and unloading vessels, in ordinary times, might more than counterbalance the advantage gained.

The canals have made Albany an immense depot for merchandise and the products of the boundless west. It is also a prodigious thoroughfare for travellers, and more especially in the summer season, when it is estimated that some thousands pass through it daily, bound for every part of our extended country. Independently of those that arrive and depart by steamboats, canal boats, and stages, twelve or fifteen hundred are hurried over the Albany and Schenectady rail road, which connects at the latter named city with those of Utica and Saratoga.

The Albany and Schenectady road is the first that was finished in the state, and is perhaps the best and most durable, the rails being laid on stone

blocks at a great expense. It passes over a high pine barren for a large part of the distance, and descends into the valley of the Mohawk, at Schenectady, by an inclined plane, the cars ascending and descending by the aid of a stationary steam engine. It is a complete triumph of art, and the ease and rapidity with which the difficulty is overcome strikes the uninitiated traveller with surprise.

At Albany, passengers bound for the west debark, and those for the north, change steamboats and proceed to Troy, six miles farther; but a description of the scenery on the North River, and the reminiscences connected therewith, would be defective, if the shores rendered famous by the capture of Burgoyne were not brought into notice. We shall, therefore, proceed to those celebrated battle fields.

Troy is an incorporated city, with a population of ten thousand inhabitants, and is the third in magnitude upon the river. It stands prettily upon its eastern margin and is overlooked by the high hills of Mount Ida and Olympus, named after the classic mountains of the Dardan kingdom and Greece. It is a town of some forty years growth, and was until the completion of the canals, the principal depot for the trade of northern New-York and Vermont. It still receives a fair proportion; but at one time, it was supposed that it would take the lead of the sister city, (Albany.) The genius of Clinton and his compeers, have altered the face of things in this region, and Troy must now be content to give place to the elder.

There has been much public spirit manifested in this town; the streets are wide, and laid out with a regard to comfort and elegance; the churches and public buildings are many of them magnificent; the private dwellings of the citizens, neat and ornamental, and it would be a want of gallantry to suppose there are no forms and faces within them that would vie with Argive Helen's.

Gibbonsville, on the opposite shore, is a small village, and is the location of a United States arsenal.

Lansingburgh, at the head of sloop navigation, is a long rambling town, but with little about it to interest the traveller.

Waterford is on the opposite shore, connected with *Lansingburgh* by a bridge, and stands at the mouth of the *Mohawk*. It was formerly called *Half Moon Point*, and is memorable as having been the most southern point, to which the Americans, under Gen. Schuyler, retreated before the then victorious Burgoyne. On the picturesque islands in the vicinity, they entrenched themselves, and awaited the approach of the foe. Their sojourn here was of short duration: reinforcements poured in; and, under Gates, who had superseded Schuyler, the tide of war again rolled north.

The Mohawk is a lovely and voluminous stream, rolling its clear waters for a course of one hundred and fifty miles, through a fertile vale, where

"Plenty leaps
To laughing life with her redundant horn."

The vale of the Mohawk was long the favoured dwelling-place and hunting ground of the Mohawk tribe of Indians, one of the confederacy of the six nations, celebrated for their prowess in the colonial wars; and forty miles from Albany, on the banks of the river, and on the main road, is Johnson Hall, once the residence of Sir William Johnson, whose influence over the confederacy was unbounded.

The history of Sir William is one of romance. He settled on the Mohawk as an Indian trader, where his conciliating manners won him the confidence of his savage neighbours; he accompanied them in many of their war parties, was adopted as a chief, and became almoner of the king to those untutored sons of the forest. Once a year the surrounding tribes assembled at the Hall, to receive the presents that were, from motives of policy, so liberally bestowed; and at such times the efforts of Johnson were never wanting to enlist them in the service of the crown. In 1759, Johnson, by the death of General Prideaux, who was killed by the bursting of a cohorn while pressing the siege of Fort Niagara, became possessed of the command of the troops, and succeeded in capturing the fortress and in defeating a large body of French and Indians, who were advancing to its relief. For these and other services he was created a baronet by his sovereign, and having acquired large wealth, lived among his numerous dependents in feudal splendour. He had been a man of blood; but closed his eyes in peace at the

hall, and was interred in the church he had built at Johnstown.

A few years since, from motives of curiosity, the vault was opened. It was found to be filled with water, and the decayed remains of his coffin were floating upon the surface; *sic transit gloria mundi*.

In the war of the revolution, his son, Sir John Johnson, espoused the cause of England, and with his Indian allies, carried fire and sword through the settlements in Tryon county, then comprehending all that part of the state, lying west of Albany. In 1777 he, in conjunction with Colonel St. Leger, laid siege to Fort Stanwix, and surprised a body of militia under General Herkimer advancing to its relief. In this engagement, Herkimer and four hundred of his men fell under the tomahawk of the savages.

At the conclusion of the war Sir John and his family adopted Canada as their home, and his large possessions on the Mohawk became confiscated.

Three miles from Waterford, are the Cohoes Falls, where the Mohawk plunges over a ledge of rock extending across the stream. These falls are at all times well worth visiting; but more especially in the spring, when the melting of the mountain snows, swell the waters to a fearful height, causing them to writhe and foam over the wave-worn precipice, while the boiling caldron below sends up its glittering spray, and the bow of promise, like a spirit of peace, broods in beauty o'er the dark and troubled waters.—

The poet Moore, when in this country, paid a visit to the Cohoes, and the exquisite production of his muse on the occasion, is probably familiar to our readers.

A short distance above the falls, the Erie canal, after surmounting a great elevation, by a chain of locks, crosses the Mohawk by an aqueduct, and a few miles farther, recrosses it by another, both of strong and substantial masonry.

The Champlain canal follows the banks of the North river, which now runs between comparatively low shores. Three or four miles above Waterford, upon the canal, is the small village called the Borough, and on the opposite shore, the Hoosic river blends its waters with those of the North. Near its mouth, is the town of Schaghticoke, of which, from personal observation, we can say nothing, and the only information we can glean concerning it is from the Dutch historian Knickerbocker, who remarks that its inhabitants place heavy stones upon the roofs of their houses to prevent them from being blown away in windy weather.

Stillwater, twenty-two miles from Albany, is memorable ground. On Bemus's heights, two miles west of the river, were fought the memorable battles of the 19th of September, and the 7th of October, 1777.

The British army under General Burgoyne, had fought their way from Canada, against all opposition, and on the 14th of September crossed the Hudson at Fort Mifflin, upon a bridge of boats and advanced to Stillwater. At this point,

their advanced guard was within four miles of the Americans, now returning northward. On the 18th, the front of the opposing armies were almost in contact, and some skirmishing ensued, but without bringing on a general engagement. On the 19th, the battle commenced by the attack of Colonel Morgan's corps upon a British picket, occupying a small house in advance of the main body. It was soon carried, and the pursuing party, almost immediately fell in with the British line, and were in part captured. This incident occurred about noon, and by three o'clock the action became general, when it raged with unabated fury until night.

According to Wilkinson, the Americans charged repeatedly, and were as repeatedly driven back; a portion of the British artillery falling into their hands at every charge; but they could neither turn the pieces upon the enemy nor bring them off. The wood in which they were planted prevented the last, and the want of a match the first, as the linstocks were invariably carried off, and no time left to provide others. The slaughter of the brigade of artillerymen was remarkable, the captain and thirty-six men being killed or wounded, out of forty-eight. When night closed the scene, the British retained their ground, and the Americans retired to their own camp. General Burgoyne, in his account of the expedition, states that "there was scarcely ever an interval of a minute in the smoke, when some British officer was not shot by the American riflemen posted in the trees, or in the rear and on the flank of their own line."

The interval between the 19th of September and the 7th of October, was one of intense anxiety to both armies. General Burgoyne, from whose "State of the Expedition to Canada," we shall quote largely, states that not a night passed without firing, and sometimes concerted attacks upon their pickets." No foraging party could be made without great detachments to cover it. It was the plan of the enemy to harass the army by constant alarms, and their superiority of numbers enabled them to attempt it without fatigue to themselves. By being habituated to fire, our soldiers became indifferent to it, and were capable of eating or sleeping, when it was very near them; but I do not believe that either officer or soldier ever slept during that interval without his clothes, or that any general officer or commander of a regiment, passed a single night, without being upon his legs occasionally, at different times, and constantly an hour before daylight."

The battle of the 7th was brought on by General Burgoyne detaching a large body of troops to the left of the American army, to cover a forage that had become indispensably necessary. It was late in the afternoon when they were first discovered by the Americans, who lost no time in opening a fire upon them, and the action soon became general. After a sanguinary contest, the British were defeated; and they had scarcely regained their camp, when the lines were stormed, and a part of the artillery brought off. Night, as in the former battle, closed the scene.

As a faithful picture of a scene, where war was rioting in all its horrors, we give a graphic description from the pen of Wilkinson, who was actor in the fight.

'The ground which had been occupied by the British grenadiers presented a scene of complicated horror and exultation. In the square space of twelve or fifteen yards, lay eighteen grenadiers in the agony of death, and their officers propped up against stumps of trees, two of them mortally wounded, bleeding and almost speechless. What a spectacle, for one whose bosom glowed with philanthropy, and how vehement the impulse which can excite men of sensibility to seek such scenes of barbarism. I found the courageous Colonel Cilley a straddle on a brass twelve pounder, and exulting in the capture, while a surgeon, a man of great worth, who was dressing one of the officers, raising his blood besmeared hands, exclaimed in a frenzy of patriotism, 'Wilkinson, I have dipped my hands in British blood.' He received a sharp rebuke for his brutality, and with the troops I pursued the hard pressed flying enemy, passing over the killed and wounded, until I heard one exclaim, 'Protect me, sir, against this boy.' Turning my eyes, it was my fortune to arrest the purpose of a lad, thirteen or fourteen years old, in the act of taking aim at a wounded officer, who lay in the angle of a worm fence. Inquiring his rank, he answered, 'I had the honor to command the grenadiers.' Of course I knew him to be major Ackland, who had been brought from the field

on the back of a captain Shrimpton, of his own corps, under a heavy fire, and was here deposited to save the lives of both. I dismounted, took him by the hand, and expressed hopes, that he was not badly wounded. 'Not badly,' replied this gallant officer and accomplished gentleman, 'but very inconveniently. I am shot through both legs; will you, sir, have the goodness to have me conveyed to your camp.' I directed my servant to alight, and we lifted Ackland into his seat, and ordered him to be conducted to headquarters."

Among those that fell, was general Frazer, an officer much beloved by the British army. The Baroness Reidesel, whose husband commanded the German Auxillaries, and whom she had followed in his campaigns, published at Berlin in 1800, a series of letters, giving a narrative of those events, and from them we take the following account of Frazer's death.

"Severe trials awaited us, and on the 7th of October, our misfortunes began. I was at breakfast with my husband, and heard that something was intended. On the same day, I expected the Generals Burgoyne, Philips, and Frazer to dine with us. I saw a great movement among the troops. My husband told me it was merely a reconnoissance, which gave me no concern, as it often happened. I walked out and met several Indians in their war dresses with guns in their hands. When I asked them where they were going, they cried out, 'War, war;' meaning that they were going to battle. This filled me with

apprehensions, and I had scarcely got home before I heard reports of cannon and musketry, which grew louder by degrees till the noise became excessive. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of guests, which I expected, General Frazer was brought on a litter mortally wounded. The table, which was already set, was removed, and a bed placed in its stead, for the wounded General. I sat trembling in a corner; the noise grew louder and the alarm increased. The thought that my husband might perhaps be brought in wounded in the same manner, was terrible to me, and distressed me exceedingly. Frazer said to the surgeon, tell me if my wound is mortal, and do not flatter me. The ball had passed through his body, and unhappily for the General, he had eaten a very hearty breakfast, by which the stomach was much distended, and the ball, as the surgeon said, had passed through it. I heard him often exclaim, with a sigh, Oh! fatal ambition, poor General Burgoyne, oh, my poor wife.' He was asked if he had any request to make, to which he replied, "If General Burgoyne would permit it, he should like to be buried at six o'clock in the evening, on the top of a mountain, in a redoubt, which had been built there." Towards evening I saw my husband coming, and then I forgot all my sorrows."

The Baroness spent the night in comforting her female companions in misfortune, and in taking care of the children.

"I could not go to sleep, as I had General Frazer and all the other wounded gentlemen in

my own room; and I was sadly afraid that my children would awake, and by their crying disturb the dying man in his last moments, who often addressed me, and apologized for the trouble he gave me. About three o'clock in the morning, I was told he could not hold out much longer. I had desired to be informed of the near approach of this sad crisis, and I then wrapped up my children in their clothes and went with them into the room below. About eight in the morning he died. After he was laid out and his corpse wrapped up in a sheet, we came again into the room, and we had this horrible sight before us the whole day; and to add to the melancholy scene, almost every moment some officer of my acquaintance was brought in wounded."

According to the request of General Frazer, he was buried in the redoubt, the body attended by Burgoyne and the principal officers, and the clergymen. The Rev. Mr. Brudenell went through the service with perfect composure notwithstanding the group was covered with dust from the incessant cannonade kept up by the Americans; who were not aware of the object for which they had assembled. The delineation of this scene from the pen of Burgoyne is too elegant to be omitted.

"The incessant cannonade during the solemnity; the steady attitude and unaltered voice with which the clergyman officiated, though frequently covered with dust, which the shot threw up on all sides of him; the mute but expressive

mixture of sensibility and indignation upon every countenance; these objects will remain to the last of life upon the mind of every man who was present. The growing darkness added to the scenery, and the whole marked a character of that juncture, that would make one of the finest subjects for the pencil of a master, that the field has ever exhibited. To a more important historian, gallant friend, I consign thy memory. There may thy talents, thy manly virtues, their progress and their period, find due distinction, and long may they survive, long after the frail record of my pen shall be forgotten."

The capture of Major Ackland has been mentioned, and we shall now advert to the devotedness, fortitude, and sufferings of his accomplished wife, Lady Harriet Ackland.

Born the daughter of an English earl, endowed with all the softness of her sex, and accustomed to every luxury and comfort that wealth could command, a woman's love induced her to follow and share the fortunes, the fatigue and dangers of her husband, in this hazardous campaign, and among the romantic incidents of real life, we know of none more interesting than the adventures of this heroic lady. Burgoyne has sketched them with a more able pen than ours.

"Besides the continuation of difficulties and general fatigue, this day (9th of Oct.) was remarkable for a circumstance of private distress, too peculiar and affecting to be omitted. The circumstance to which I allude is Lady Harriet Ackland's passage through the enemy's army to

attend her wounded husband, then their prisoner.

"The progress of this lady with the army could hardly be thought abruptly or superfluously introduced, were it only so, for the purpose of authenticating a wonderful story. It would exhibit, if well delineated an interesting picture of the spirit, the enterprise and distress of romance, realized and regulated, upon the chaste and sober principles of rational love and conjugal duty.

"Lady Harriet Ackland had accompanied her husband to Canada, in the beginning of the year 1776. In the course of that campaign, she had traversed a vast space of country in different extremities of season, and with difficulties that an European traveller will not easily conceive, to attend in a poor hut at Chamblee, upon his sick bed.

"In the opening of the campaign, in 1777, she was restrained from offering herself to a share of the fatigue and hazard, expected before Ticonderoga, by the positive injunctions of her husband. The day after the conquest of the place, he was badly wounded, and she crossed Lake Champlain to join him.

"As soon as he recovered, Lady Harriet proceeded to follow his fortunes through the campaign, and at Fort Edward, or at the next camp, she acquired a two wheel tumbril, which had been constructed by the artificers of the artillery, something similar to the carriage used for the mails, upon the great roads in England. Ma-

Major Ackland commanded the British grenadiers attached to General Frazer's corps, and consequently were always the most advanced post of the army. Their situations were often so alert, that no person slept out of his clothes. In one of these situations, a tent in which the Major and Lady Harriet were asleep, suddenly took fire. An orderly sergeant of grenadiers, with great hazard of suffocation, dragged out the first person he caught hold of. It proved to be the Major. It happened, that in the same instant she had, unknowing what she did, and perhaps not perfectly awake, providentially made her escape, by creeping under the walls of the back part of the tent. The first object she saw on the recovery of her senses, was the Major on the other side, and in the next instant again in the fire in search of her. The sergeant again saved him; but not without the Major being very severely burned in his face and different parts of his body. Every thing they had with them in the tent was consumed.

This accident happened a little time before the army crossed the Hudson river (13th September). It neither altered the resolution nor the cheerfulness of Lady Harriet, and she continued her progress, a partaker of the fatigues of the advanced corps. The next call upon her fortitude was of a different nature, and more distressing, and of longer suspense. On the march of the 19th of September, the grenadiers being liable to action at every step, she had been directed by the Major to follow the route of

the artillery and baggage, which was not exposed. At the time the action began, she found herself near a small uninhabited hut, where she alighted. When it was found the action was becoming general and bloody, the surgeon of the hospital took possession of the same place, as the most convenient for the first care of the wounded. Thus was this lady in hearing of one continued fire of cannon and musketry for four hours together, with the presumption, from the post of her husband at the head of the grenadiers, that he was in the most exposed part of the action. She had three female companions, Baroness of Reidesel and the wives of two British officers, major Hanage and lieutenant Reynell; but in the event, their presence served but little for comfort. Major Hanage was brought to the surgeon very badly wounded, and a little time after, came intelligence that lieutenant Reynell was shot dead. Imagination will want no help to figure the state of the whole group.

"From the date of that action to the 7th of October, Lady Harriet, with her usual serenity, stood prepared for new trials, and it was her lot that their severity increased with their number. She was again exposed to the hearing of the whole action, and at last received the word of her individual misfortune, mixed with the intelligence of the general calamity. The troops were defeated, and Major Ackland desperately wounded, was a prisoner.

"The day of the 8th, was passed by Lady Harriet and her companions in uncommon anx-

iety ; not a tent, not a shed being standing, except what belonged to the hospital, their refuge was among the wounded and the dying.

“ When the army was upon the point of moving, I received a letter from Lady Harriet, submitting to my decision a proposal (and expressing an earnest solicitude to execute it, if not interfering with my design) of passing to the camp of the enemy, and requesting General Gates’s permission to attend her husband.

“ Though I was ready to believe (for I had experienced) that patience and fortitude in a supreme degree, were to be found, as well as every other virtue, under the most tender forms, I was astonished at this proposal. After so long an agitation, exhausted not only for want of rest, but absolute want of food, drenched in rain for twelve hours together ; that a woman should be capable of such an undertaking, as delivering herself to the enemy, probably in the night, and uncertain of what hands she might first fall into, appeared an effort above human nature. The assurance I was enabled to give, was small indeed. I had not even a cup of wine to offer ; but I was told she had found from some kind and fortunate hand a little rum, and dirty water. All I could furnish to her was an open boat, and a few lines written upon dirty and wet paper, to General Gates, recommending her to his protection.*

* General Burgoyne’s letter to General Gates.

Sir : Lady Harriet Ackland, a lady of the first distinction, by family, rank, and personal virtues, is under such concern on ac-

Mr. Brudenell, the chaplain to the artillery, (the same gentleman who had officiated so significantly at General Frazer's funeral) readily undertook to accompany her, and with one female servant, and the major's valet de chambre, (who had a ball, which he had received in the late action, then in his shoulder) she rowed down the river to meet the enemy. It is due to justice, at the close of this adventure to, say that she was received and accommodated by General Gates with all the humanity and respect, that her rank, her merits, and her fortune deserved.

"Let such as are affected by these circumstances of alarm, hardship, and danger recollect, that the subject of them was a woman of the most tender and delicate frame, of the gentlest manners, habituated to all the soft elegancies, and refined enjoyments that attend high birth and fortune, and far advanced in a state in which the tender cares, always due to the sex, become indispensably necessary. Her mind alone was formed for such a task."

count of Major Ackland, her husband, wounded, a prisoner in your hands, that I cannot refuse her request to commit her to your protection.

What general impropriety there may be in persons acting in your situation, and mine to solicit favors, I cannot see, the uncommon pre-eminence in every female grace, and exaltation of character of this lady, and her very hard fortune, without testifying that your attentions to her will lay me under obligations.

I am, sir, your obedient servant.

October 9, 1777.

J. BURGoyNE.

M. G. Gates.

The original of this interesting letter, has been deposited by General Wilkinson in the archives of the New York Historical Society.

In consequence of the situation of Lady Harriet, efforts were made, and with success, to procure the conditional exchange of the major, with permission to remove to New York. There he effected his exchange against Major Otho Williams, at that time a prisoner on Long Island. The sequel of the history of the major and his lady is a tragical one. General Wilkinson has feelingly related it.

“But unfortunate was the destiny of this gallant, generous, high-minded gentleman. Ackland, after his return to England, procured a regiment, and at a dinner of military men, where the courage of the Americans was made a question, took the negative side with his usual decision. He was opposed, warmth ensued, and he gave the lie direct to a lieutenant Lloyd, fought him, and was shot through the head.—Lady Harriet lost her senses, and continued deranged two years, after which I have been informed, she married Mr. Brudenell, who accompanied her from General Burgoyne’s camp, when she sought her wounded husband on the Hudson river.”

The situation of the British army after the battle of the 7th of October, was distressing in the extreme. Their provisions were exhausted, and the constant cannonade kept up by the Americans upon their camp, kept the harassed troops in a continual state of agitation and alarm.

The General, who in the commencement of the campaign, had uttered, in general orders, these memorable words—“This army must not

retreat"—was now compelled to seek his safety by flight. Numerous fires were lighted, a number of tents left standing, and leaving his hospital, in which were more than three hundred sick and wounded, to the care of General Gates, he commenced his retrograde movement on the evening of the 8th, pursuing the river road through the meadows. The army moved all night, but in consequence of rainy weather, bad roads, and the many encumbrances that weighed upon them, they did not reach Saratoga, (six miles distant,) until the following evening, and the rain had so swollen the Fishkill that they were not able to ford that stream until the morning of the 10th, when, finding the Americans in possession of the fords of the North River, they took up a strong position on the heights, which proved their final one.

The army of Gates soon followed that of Burgoyne, and took post in front, upon the Fishkill, while the corps of Morgan lay north and east of the British, and General Fellows, with three thousand men, was on the east of the Hudson, ready to dispute the passage. Thus hemmed in, the royal camp became exposed not only to cannon balls, but musket shot, and there was no spot to be found where the sick and the wounded, the women and the children, could find a shelter; they were even cut off from a supply of water, as access to the river was rendered hazardous by the rifle shot of the Americans. The Baroness Reidesel and her children, had often to drink wine instead of water, as they

had no way to procure the latter, except that a soldier's wife ventured to the river for them, and the soldiers of Gates, out of respect to her sex, did not fire at her.

General Reidesel's family took refuge in a house not far from the British encampment; but they had hardly reached it, before the cannon of the Americans were pointed against it, upon the mistaken idea that it was a rendezvous of the British officers. "Alas," adds the baroness, "it contained none but the wounded and women. We were at last obliged to resort to the cellar for refuge, and in one corner of this I remained the whole day, my children sleeping on the earth, with their heads in my lap, and in the same situation, I passed a sleepless night. Eleven cannon balls passed through the house, and we could distinctly hear them roll away. One poor soldier, who was lying on a table for the purpose of having his leg amputated, was struck by a shot, which carried away the other. His comrades had left him, and when we went to his assistance, we found him in a corner of the room, into which he had crept, more dead than alive, scarcely breathing."

This situation of affairs could not last. A cessation of hostilities was asked, which ended in a convention for the surrender of the army. The treaty was signed on the sixteenth, and on the seventeenth the British army laid down their arms on the banks of the Fishkill. After the officers had gone over to General Gates' camp, General Reidesel sent for the baroness and her

children. She says, in her narrative, "I seated myself once more in my dear calash, and then rode through the American camp. As I passed on I observed (and this was a great consolation to me) that no one eyed me with looks of resentment; but they all greeted us, and even showed compassion in their countenances, at the sight of a woman with small children. I was, I confess, afraid to go over to the enemy, as it was a new situation to me. When I drew near the tents, a handsome man approached and met me, took my children from the calash, and hugged and kissed them, which affected me almost to tears. You tremble, said he, addressing himself to me, be not afraid. No, I answered, you seem so kind and tender to my children, it inspires me with courage. He now led me to the tent of General Gates. All the Generals remained to dine with Gates.

"The same gentleman who received me so kindly, now came and said to me, 'You will be very much embarrassed to eat with all those gentlemen,—come with your children to my tent, where I will prepare for you a frugal dinner, and give it with a free will.' I said, you are certainly a husband, and a father; you have shown me so much kindness.

"I now found that he was General Schuyler. He treated me with excellent smoked tongue, beef steaks, potatoes, bread, and butter. Never could I wish to eat a better dinner. I was content. I saw all around me so likewise, and what was better than all, my husband was out

of danger. When we had dined, he told me his residence was at Albany, and that General Burgoyne intended to honour him as his guest, and invited myself and children to do so likewise. I asked my husband how I should act. He told me to accept the invitation. We were received by the good General Schuyler, his wife and daughters, not as enemies, but as kind friends, and they treated us with the most marked attention and politeness, as they did General Burgoyne, who had caused General Schuyler's beautifully finished house to be burnt. In fact, they behaved like persons of exalted minds, who determined to bury all recollections of their own injuries in the contemplation of our misfortunes."

Of the generous host, his family, and their illustrious guests, how few are left upon the stage of action. The relict of General Hamilton, the daughter of General Schuyler, still survives in a green old age, and rich in a retentive memory, often draws upon her well stored garner for anecdotes of Burgoyne and Philips, and the many actors in those eventful times. We remember well a visit she paid at the house of our father in our boyish days, and how we drank in her accents, as she recounted the sufferings, the fortitude, the feminine graces of the accomplished Lady Harriet Ackland and of her companion in misfortune, the Baroness Reidesel. In the hospitable mansion of her parents she had shared in their society, and ministered to their comforts; and who so well able to picture forth

the many interesting traits in their characters. It is their romantic history that to us has thrown an irresistible charm around the scenes of Stillwater, and Saratoga; and if they were a desert, we should look upon them with the deepest interest.

General Schuyler, was one of the few master spirits of the revolution, whose services at the time, were not properly appreciated. He was appointed to the command of the northern army, composed of new levies, hastily collected, unaccustomed to military tactics, deficient in numbers and equipments, and from those causes combined, utterly unable to cope with the well trained veterans of Britain. Schuyler, with high ideas of military discipline, and with somewhat of an aristocratic bearing in his manners, commenced the task of drilling the motley band into something like order. To effect it some coercion became necessary; but the sturdy yeomanry of New England, nurtured in habits of independence, found it difficult to submit to the stern and arbitrary rules of a camp, and Schuyler became unpopular. Another cause for this feeling was to be found in the abandonment of Ticonderoga, a fortress that the country had been taught to believe would present an insurmountable barrier to the advance of the enemy. The genius of Burgoyne however effected what no other commander had ever attempted, or even deemed practicable. He dragged his cannon to the top of Mount Independence, and opening his batteries upon the works now lying below,

they became no longer tenable, and were immediately evacuated by the garrison, who crossed Lake Champlain, and fought a sanguinary battle at Hubbardton, with a corps of the British army sent in pursuit under General Frazer.

The whole ground traversed by Burgoyne, was gallantly disputed, and the obstacles thrown in his way by the generalship of Schuyler, gave time to collect and discipline a force, that in the sequel overwhelmed him. When the proper time arrived to act upon the offensive, Schuyler was suddenly superseded by Gates, and that officer reaped laurels on the plains of Saratoga, that should have been gathered by another. Those laurels, as is well known, were doomed to wither and fade in the sunny lands of the South.

On the fields of Saratoga and Stillwater, the shouts of the victors and the groans of the dying are no longer heard. The conquerors and conquered, have alike passed away, and where the hoof of the war horse went down upon the crushed and bleeding relics of humanity, the wild flowers are springing, and the earth yielding her tribute to the labours of the husbandman; but cold is that man, who can tread those scenes unmoved by the memory of the past, and feel no honest glow of patriotism as he looks through the long dim twilight of sixty years, upon the deeds and sufferings of our fathers, to bequeath a heritage to their children.

On the remaining portion of the river, it is not our intention to linger, although there is much in its scenery to interest the lover of nature, and

much in its early history calculated to instruct and amuse. It was the great highway in connexion with lakes George and Champlain, by which the French made their incursions into the northern colonies, and the remains of numerous fortresses upon its banks, attest the importance in which it was held, in that warlike age, when the ambitious princes, of the house of Bourbon, planted their garrisons from the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi.

Beyond Saratoga, the stream is often broken by rapids and cascades, and around its sources, the small lakelets of Essex and Franklin counties, is some of the most varied scenery in the United States. The land swells into bold and rugged mountains, their peaks clothed with snow in midsummer. But many are the soft and smiling valleys interspersed among them, with their clear and limpid waters sleeping in the stillness of nature, and glancing in the sun, like molten silver. In coming years this land will be to our country, what Wales is to England; the resort of thousands seeking it for its magnificent scenery, and wooing health and gladness in its mountain breezes.

There is no region that offers stronger inducements to the sportsman. The hills abound in deer, the woods are filled with feathered game, and the lakes swarm with pike, pickerel, and trout. We can imagine nothing more delightful in the way of recreation, than to turn our backs upon the city, during the heat of the dog days, pitch our tent upon the bank of one of those

quiet lakes, and spend the time in the invigorating exercise of hunting, fowling, and angling. What would not old, honest Izak Walton have given for a chance in the waters of Franklin county, and how his eye would have glistened, when instead of the small trout of the English streams, he had landed upon the bank some speckled rascal, weighing ten or a dozen pounds.

The love for healthy and invigorating field sports, so characteristic of our English ancestry, is all but lost in this degenerate age. Instead of "hunting the deer, with hound and horn" as in the ballad of Chevy Chase, or tracking the streams "with angle rod in hand," like good old Isak Walton, the sons and daughters of wealth and fashion, crowd to the springs of Saratoga; preferring a broil upon its hot and scorching sands, or a stew in its crowded ball rooms.

We would also hazard the opinion, and hope it will not be construed as treason, that we, as a people, are far behind the English in the passion and taste they evince for the beauties of nature, their exquisite sensibility to all her lovely forms and harmonious combinations, and in their deep seated love for the charms and comforts of a rural life. Not a stream, hill, or glen in that classic land, but is ransacked by multitudes in search of some latent beauty, and no sooner found than transferred to the canvass, and sung by her poets until it becomes familiar to the most humble; whilst our own magnificent

scenery is comparatively unknown, and our sons and daughters rush across the Atlantic, to imbibe at a foreign shrine, that taste which can nowhere be so properly cultivated as at home, forgetful or unconscious that

"A thousand streams of lovelier flow,
Bathe *their* own mountain land."

C. J. H.

JUL 22 1938

